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CONTENTS

	PAGE.
1. The Luck of Ladysmede,	<i>Blackwood's Magazine</i> , 451
2. Recollections of Samuel Rogers,	<i>Athenæum</i> , 465
3. France,	<i>Bentley's Quarterly Review</i> , 473
4. The Oaks of Fairholme,	<i>Chambers's Journal</i> , 497
5. The Liberator of Italy,	<i>Saturday Review</i> , 505
6. The Armistice,	" " 506
7. The Actual Position of Austria,	<i>Spectator</i> , 508
8. The Armistice: What it means,	<i>Economist</i> , 509
9. The Armistice,	<i>Press</i> , 510
10. Uniform Musical Pitch,	512

POETRY.—My Psalm, 450. Peace of God, 450.

SHORT ARTICLES.—The Sacred Handkerchief, 464. A Babe is a Mother's Anchor, 464. Holy Man and the Serpent, 464. Generous Chinese Merchant, 472. Agra, 472. Bees in the Caverns of Salsette, 504. Hindoo Princes and their Secret Chamber, 504.

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MY PSALM.

BY J. G. WHITTIER.

* I MOURN no more my vanished years,
Beneath a tender rain,
An April rain of smiles and tears,
My heart is young again.

The west winds blow, and, singing low,
I hear the glad streams run:
The windows of my soul I throw
Wide open to the sun.

No longer forward nor behind
I look in hope and fear:
But, grateful, take the good I find,
The best of now and here.

I plough no more a desert land,
To harvest weed and tare:
The manna dropping from God's hand
Rebukes my painful care.

I break my pilgrim staff, I lay
Aside the toiling oar;
The angel sought so far away
I welcome at my door.

The airs of Spring may never play
Among the ripening corn
Nor freshness of the flowers of May
Blow through the autumn morn.

Yet shall the blue-eyed gentian look
Through fringed lids to heaven,
And the pale aster in the brook,
Shall see its image given;

The woods shall wear their robes of praise,
The south wind softly sigh,
And sweet, calm days in golden haze
Melt down the amber sky.

Not less shall manly deed and word
Rebuke an age of wrong:
The graven flowers that wreath the sword
Make not the blade less strong.

But smiting hands shall learn to heal,
To build as to destroy;
Nor less my heart for others feel
That I the more enjoy.

All as God wills, who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told!

Enough that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track—
That wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
His chastening turned me back—

That more and more a Providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good—

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight—

That care and trial seem at last
Through Memory's sunset air,
Like mountain-ranges over-past,
In purple distance fair—

That all the jarring notes of life
Seem blending in a psalm,
And all the angles of its strife
Slow rounding into calm.

And so the shadows fall apart,
And so the west winds play;
And all the windows of my heart
I open to the day.

—Atlantic Monthly.

PEACE OF GOD.

LIFE's mystery—deep, restless as the ocean—
Hath surged and waited for ages to and fro;
Earth's generations watch its ceaseless motion
As in and out its hollow moanings flow;
Shivering and yawning by that unknown sea,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Life's sorrows, with inexorable power,
Sweep desolation o'er this mortal plain;
And human loves and hopes fly as the chaff
Borne by the whirlwind from the ripened
grain;
Ah, when before that blast my hopes all flee,
Let my soul calm itself, O Christ, in thee!

Between the mysteries of death and life
Thou standest, loving, guiding—not explain-
ing;

We ask, and thou art silent—yet we gaze,
And our charmed hearts forget their drear
complaining!

No crushing fate—no stony destiny!
Thou Lamb that hast been slain, we rest in thee!

The many waves of thought, the mighty tides,
The ground-swell that rolls up from other
lands,

From far-off worlds, from dim, eternal shores
Whose echo dashes on life's wave-worn
strands,—

This vague, dark tumult of the inner sea
Grows calm, grows bright, O risen Lord, in
thee!

Thy pierced hand guides the mysterious wheels:
Thy thorn-crowned brow now wears the crown
of power;

And when the dark enigma presseth sore
Thy patient voice saith, "Watch with Me
one hour!"

As sinks the morning river in the sea
In silver peace,—so sinks my soul in thee!

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE LUCK OF LADYSMEDE.

CHAPTER I.

THE VISIT AND THE VISITOR.

It wanted yet an hour to compline, when there came a low knock at Abbot Martin's chamber door. The good abbot was not asleep, yet he started at the sound. There lay a parchment-bound volume on the table, within reach, but it had formed no part of his studies that afternoon. Nevertheless, the abbot had been studying hard, and his brow had lines of care upon it, such as did not often show themselves on that open and good-humored face. In fact, he had been engaged, for some time before this interruption in that idlest of all studies,—thinking of his debts. Not that Abbot Martin had any special extravagance with which to charge himself, or that either his own private liabilities, or those of his house, were very formidable in amount; but he had succeeded to a revenue dilapidated by the negligence and waste of a long misrule of nearly forty years under Abbot Aldred, of whom the best thing that could be said was that he had been an excellent son, brother, uncle, cousin, and, in short, had done all that a man could do for his family in the way of patronage. The best lands of the abbey were held on the most favorable terms by such of his relations as had any turn for agriculture; the richest churches in the abbot's patronage were filled by secular priests who had the good fortune to be his nephews or brothers-in-law; and some of the best-paid offices within the abbey walls were served by those humble members of the clan, who, remembering that they had an abbot of Rivalsby to claim kin with, had felt a decided vocation for the cloister. The late abbot had sunk his family surname, if there was one, in his monastic title; so that there was no tell-tale evidence of that kind to remind every one of their little family arrangements; but when Brother Martin had first come as a stranger from the pleasant meadows of Evesham to take possession of his new dignities, he had been constrained to express frequent surprise at the fruitful ramifications of his predecessor's family tree, and the wonderful adaptation of its members to all the good things at the abbey's disposal. "Well! peace be with him!" was the worst that Abbot Martin had ever been heard to say; but it was generally

considered as a charitable formula to express a very hearty feeling that the abbey, at any rate, was well rid of him, and that he was much better where he was.

For indeed, what with paying the debts of one spendthrift nephew, and alienating the richest farm of the abbey for a mere nominal fine to another, and a very negligent management of his own and the general revenues, he had left a difficult task for his successor—difficult even to a man of shrewd business habits and stern economy; and Abbot Martin was hardly this. He liked the state and dignity of his office; and had that pardonable but mischievous pride in its old customs and hospitalities, which made him shrink from any real attempt at retrenchment. The tenants of the abbey had taken advantage, too, of the late abbot's mingled extravagance and carelessness, to commute for some small pecuniary assistance, when he most wanted money, the yearly rents and services of their holdings; and just when a strong will and a clear head were required, to reform abuses, reclaim lost rights, and break illegal leases, into the vacant abbacy, by royal writ, came excellent brother Martin, who could lay claim to no qualities of the kind, and was perfectly conscious of his deficiencies.

It was merely vexing himself to no purpose therefore, when he sat down, as he had often done of late, to try to worm a way out of his difficulties: it was a sort of duty he set himself to discharge, as it were, without much hope of any practical result; and those with whom he might best have taken counsel—his prior Robert, and Hugh the seneschal—were kinsmen of Abbot Aldred, of blessed (and insolvent) memory; and having been appointed to their present positions through his influence, were not likely to take a very business-like view of the case. Though the good abbot started, then, when the summons at his door disturbed his cogitations, the interruption was rather a relief than otherwise. There is always a satisfaction in being interrupted in disagreeable duties, and being able to complain of it to ourselves as an interruption; conscience is satisfied, and indolence rejoices. "Aperi," said Abbot Martin, "*in nomine*—"

But there is no need to go on with the abbot's Latin, which was none of the best at any time. It was one of his chaplains who entered, and made his reverence at the door.

"A messenger, my lord, from Sir Godfrey

de Burgh; letters for yourself and for the house."

"Read mine for me, Wolfert," said the abbot, after breaking the seal and glancing at the contents. "Sir Godfrey's penmanship is none of the fairest, and my eyes are not as good as they were at your age."

"It is a penalty we all pay for study, my lord," said the young chaplain.

"Faith, wood-smoke and night bivouacs may take the most blame in my case," returned the abbot, bluntly; "I was no clerk at your years; those were times when it was hardly worth while to fill a man's brains full over-night, when he might have them scattered next morning. Not but what I always took what snatches a soldier could at the humanities—always," he added with emphasis; he could not afford quite to play the dunce to his chaplains.

"*Pacem duello miscuit*," said the chaplain, who was somewhat of a flatterer; the quotation fell indistinctly upon his superior's ear, but he understood, and but for his good-nature would have despised the bow of deference which accompanied it. The knight's letter had meanwhile been opened, and he made only a sign to the other to read.

"This is none of Sir Godfrey's hand," said the young monk before he began; 'tis that rascally priest of his, who can write fair and smooth enough, as he speaks. I wish his meaning were as fair as his characters."

The missive bore, however, the signature of Sir Godfrey, and was a well-worded and courteous invitation to the abbot and such of the abbey officers as would so far honor "his poor house of Ladysmede" as to dine with him on the coming feast of St. Crispin. Another letter, no doubt to the same purport, was addressed to the prior and sub-officers; and the chaplain was at once dispatched to convey it to the proper hands, and to request their presence, when the invitation had been read, in the abbot's chamber. He made no remark on the contents of Sir Godfrey's letter to his young companion.

But when the authorities who had been summoned made their appearance, and the contents of the letters had been compared, the abbot proceeded in some degree to unburden his mind.

"He owes me near a hundred marks," he began.

"He denies our right to the tithes of Lowcote," said the prior.

"His men threatened William the warrener only last week," said the sub-prior, "that if he came on Boscot Heath, where we have undoubted right of warren, he should never go home with whole bones."

"I mistrust the man's civilities," said the abbot.

"I hate him," said the prior; "my brother Alwyne had the promise of Lowcote chapelry, and he refused him his dues, and hired this Italian Levite."

"I think, for the dignity of the house, we ought to decline," said the sub-prior, but rather faintly.

"Perhaps 'tis as well to keep on Christian terms with him," said the sacrist, who generally made a point of differing with his brethren, and was always exercising Christian forgiveness towards some one.

"He is a very pagan at paying his debts," said the abbot, feelingly.

"He is worse than a heretic," said the prior; "he robs the Church."

"He is always right hospitable in his own house," said the sub-prior, reluctantly.

"And has excellent wine," said the sacrist, looking at the last speaker with a sneer. When he did agree with his brother officials, it was always with a meaning. Sub-prior Simon's voice was said to be never so loud or so clear in choir as on feast-days.

"I may speak to him about the hundred marks, if we go to Ladysmede," said the abbot; "there used to be an invitation sent to the abbey every year, till these differences began; and I hardly see how matters can be worse than they are now. What think you, prior?"

"If you go; of course we go," said the prior, deferentially. He was very glad to wash his hands of any responsibility. So it was settled that letters should be written, accepting the offered hospitality in the name of the abbot and six of the superior brethren.

Sir Godfrey de Burgh's "poor house of Ladysmede" lay about five miles from the abbey gates of Rivelshy. But the road between them, in those days, was all but impassable for six months in the year. The river which flowed through both domains was a far preferable highway for travellers; and in the days of Abbot Martin's predecessors, the abbey barge had made the passage often to and fro. True, this made the distance two miles longer; but in point of time nothing

would be lost, and in point of safety and comfort the gain was every thing. Orders therefore were duly given to the abbey fishermen, who acted as rowers on such occasions; and early in the forenoon of a fine October morning, the abbot and his company, escorted by a due number of serving-men, in consideration of their own rank and their host's, went down to the water-gate of the abbey garden, and there took boat for Ladysmede.

For the first four miles the deep and sluggish river wound through the rich flats of the abbey domain. The abbot would have marked with more pleasure the substantial granges, and goodly corn-lands, from which the latest crops were being carried, and meadows where kine stood fetlock deep in aftermath, if he had not been troubled with the thought that so little of this wealth came in to the owners of the soil. The fat miller of Swinford came out to see them pass, and made low and reverent obeisance to his landlord. But the mill had been leased away for three lives under the seal of Abbot Aldred, and nothing came in therefrom to the present abbot's coffers but a beggerly quittance of three measures of best meal. The miller was a richer and a happier man than the abbot, for all the brave show which the gilded barge and the crimson liveries made. His wife and three rosy children did not cost him as much as the poor abbot's serving-men, who were more for state than comfort; and if any one could have made out the debtor and creditor accounts of both, the balance in the miller's favor on the one hand, though tolerably large, would hardly have equalled that against the churchman on the other. It was almost a relief, after near an hour's stout rowing, they passed the Rivelshy boundary-stone, and got into Sir Godfrey's water.

The old Manor-house of Ladysmede, which now opened from its deep woods that overhung the river, had for some generations kept up a friendly connection with the fraternity of Rivelshy. More than one of its owners stood upon the abbey's roll of benefactors. All, save the last, who left his bones in Palestine, lay buried within its precincts. One younger son of the family had taken the monastic vows there. In the troublous reign of Stephen, Rainald de Burgh had held the neighboring town six months against Henry; and though the then abbot was well known as no friend to King Stephen's cause, the

abbey had never suffered, either in or outside its walls, from the near neighborhood of a hostile force; and indeed had much more reason to complain of its friends, who made very free with the abbot's hospitality, than of its enemies, who never entered its gates. And when Henry came to the crown, and the de Burghs were in danger of suffering for their loyalty to the cause they had espoused, it was the abbot of Rivelshy who made a purpose journey to Westminster, and made their peace with the new king. But little did the present Sir Godfrey, cousin to Sir Miles who died in the Holy Land, care for old family connection or traditional kindnesses. He was well content to be on civil terms with his neighbors of the abbey so long as it suited his own interests or convenience, and there had never been any actual quarrel between them; but he was a selfish and unprincipled man, lavishing a considerable income on his own indulgences, and for the last two years had neglected, in spite of all applications, to pay his rents for the lands which he held under the abbot. He had also usurped, owing to some negligence of the late abbot, the right of presenting a clerk to the benefice of Lowcote, which Rivelshy had always claimed, and had placed in possession an Italian priest, who lived in his house in the nominal office of chaplain, and bore no very reputable character in the neighborhood. There were two reasons which made the monks of Rivelshy unwilling at this time to come to any open rupture with their neighbor of Ladysmede: one was the unsettled state of the kingdom and difficulty of obtaining justice during King Richard's absence in Palestine; and the other the fact that Sir Godfrey held at present the shrievalty of the county, and in that character had very considerable powers either for good or evil.

"Shame," said Abbot Martin as they passed a meadow of their own domain, which formed a part of Sir Godfrey's holding, "that I have never seen a penny from those lands since Sir Miles's death! I wish the king were home again; I would see if justice were to be had in England."

"'Tis a pity," said the prior, "that this last de Burgh should ever have had the lands at all; we knew what he was long ago. Well, it was not for me to interfere, but my cousin John de Lakes would have given a good round sum for the lease, and paid to the day."

The abbot made no reply, but bethought himself that the revenues of the abbacy had not hitherto profited much by the prior's relations. "Has Sir Godfrey any guests with him now?" he asked of one of the fishermen who were rowing the barge, and who lived close under the Manor-house.

"There's a stranger of quality there, lately come from beyond sea," said the fishermen; "there's none there but he and Father Jackimo, as they call him; but there's feasting enough, they tell me, for a dozen."

"Sinful waste and riot," said the abbot; "I doubt if we ought to encourage it by our presence." Though no ascetic, luxury was not a fault of Abbot Martin's; he was always well content, as he said, with "soldiers' fare."

"There is moderation in all things," said the sub-prior.

"We shall hear news from the army," said the seneschal, who was the quid-nunc of the party, and would have longed in spirit, if he could have foreseen them, for the days of morning newspapers. "It is long since a soul has crossed the abbey bridge that could answer a question, except Joseph the pedler, and you remember the false account he brought us that the Holy City had been taken."

"Yes," said the sacrist; "and got lodged and feasted like a prince in return for such good tidings; rightly serving you all (saving my Lord Abbot's presence, who knew nought of your doings) for having dealings with a Jew."

"He swears he has been baptized," said the seneschal.

"He swore that wine you bought of him was genuine Hungary," returned the sacrist; "and ask Brother Simon there what he thinks about it; he knows what Hungary wine is."

"Peace, my sons," said Abbot Martin; for the conversation was audible to those in the bow of the barge, and scarcely tended to their edification. In a few minutes they were at the landing-place below the Manor.

The knight of Ladysmede had not been wanting in courtesy to his clerly guests. Though the distance to the house was scarce a quarter of a mile, a palfrey was in waiting for the abbot's use, and an aged domestic, a sort of house-steward, who represented perhaps in his own person all of gravity and respectability that was left in Ladysmede, was

ready, at the head of some half-dozen inferiors, to escort the party by the short meadow-path that led into the main avenue. At the hall-door, Father Giacomo came forth at the first summons with lowly greeting to hold the abbot's bridle, and help him to dismount; and he had scarcely crossed the threshold when the tall figure of Sir Godfrey himself strode forward to bid him welcome. He caught the hand of his guest with that hearty grasp which always seems so cordial, though in lower natures like his it only speaks the selfish good-fellowship of the moment. Then he stepped back, and bent his head and knee in an obeisance which was half a jest.

"Pardon me, my good Lord Abbot; for the moment I forgot you were a churchman, and greeted you only as a brother soldier."

Intentional or not, it was the highest compliment that the abbot could have received. He was much prouder, after all, of the short campaign which he had served in his youth, than of the honors which family influence, and that safe reputation which keeps well with all parties, had procured for him in later life. Those who sought to find favor in the sight of Abbot Martin of Rivalsby, had need to forget for the time that any such personage existed, and remember only the squire of gentle birth who had served the king in Brittany. The first meeting, then, was auspicious. After a few words with the abbot, the host turned to the other monks, and with a blunt but not unfriendly greeting welcomed them to Ladysmede. Gliding about from one to the other, the Italian, English by his mother's side, and speaking that language perfectly, and, as he declared, in preference to his own, addressed to each some well-worded remark, either in jest or earnest, in a low, musical voice, and seemed to be most anxious to make his own and his patron's peace with a community who regarded him, at least, he well knew, as an intruder. In the banquetting-room they found the stranger of whom the fisherman had spoken; a knight better known than loved in a neighboring county, with whose family the abbot had some slight acquaintance. He had but lately, as he said, crossed the sea from Joppa with letters from the king. He was a man of middle age, of tall stature, and soldier-like bearing, with a countenance which would have had a sort of stern beauty, if it had not been for an indefinable but unpleasant expression about the

mouth. He spoke to none but the abbot, and regarded the other churchmen with a rude and careless stare.

There was no stint of good cheer, however, nor lack of lively conversation, at the feast that afternoon. Sir Godfrey maintained his character as a right liberal and jovial host. If his jests smacked now and then of the rudeness of the camp, the ears of the monastic guests were scarce so nice upon such points as our more civilized generation would insist upon. Brother Simon pronounced the wines to be of the true vintage, and won his host's favor by the confident accuracy with which he recognized the flavor of a certain ancient liquor, which he well remembered, having helped to empty sundry flasks of it in good Sir Miles' time. The sacrist told sundry stories with a quaint humor, none the less agreeable to the two knights because they now and then bore rather hardly upon some of the brethren of Rivelisby. The Italian Giacomo had conversation for all; stores of clerkly learning, lightly touched upon, and so skilfully held in hand as not to draw the good abbot out of his depth, with abundance of every-day, worldly knowledge, which showed the priest to have dealt as much with men as with books. It was on the Crusader's lips, however, when he deigned to open them, that the brethren of the monastery hung with rapt attention—all the more, perhaps, because he gave them little encouragement to ask the questions which would naturally have risen to their lips, and treated lightly and as matters of course the stirring events in which he had so lately borne a share, and which, interesting as they were to all Englishmen whose hearts were with their king and their fellows in the Holy War, had even a double attraction for the peaceful tenant of the cloister. If ever a monk would have confessed regret for the vow that bound him, it was when he heard that King Richard had need of every stout lance before Jerusalem. Abbot Martin, naturally unreserved, and more independent of the world's opinion than his officials, and growing more and more enthusiastic as the strange knight's tales and the good wine warmed his heart, declared loudly, with as near an approach to an oath as might beseech his calling, that had he known what was to come, he would never have changed the steel cap even for the abbot's mitre.

"Well spoke, and loyally," said the Crusader, with more heartiness than he had shown hitherto; "fifty good lances, to my thinking, were worth all the monks in England now."

The Italian hastened to cover this uncourteous speech.

"The church in the cloister," he said in his silver voice, "strengthens King Richard's hands by prayers and fasting: without these, no force of arms could win the Holy Sepulchre. None feels it more, to my own poor knowledge, than the king's own gracious majesty. My brothers of Rivelisby, Sir Knight, are as good soldiers of the cross as any who carry lance before the Holy City. Cold and hunger and watching they gladly share, as all men know, and more than share, with those who fight in the body; it is only the glory which they do not share: the poor churchman's name will never be heard like that of Sir Nicholas le Hardi."

He bowed low as he spoke, and the knight seemed to appreciate the compliment; but there was an almost imperceptible mockery in the Italian's smile, as he turned round to his neighbor the sacrist to see how his defence of the order was relished. That shrewd monk alone of all the company detected it, and disliked the foreign priest more than ever, in spite of his having come so gallantly to the rescue.

"Sir Nicholas has won his spurs well, then?" said he, looking inquiringly into the unreadable face of the chaplain.

"Yes," replied Father Giacomo, after a short pause, returning the sacrist's look—"Yes, well and honorably; he paid for them in good money."

"Can such things be done amongst knights and nobles?" said the monk, looking at him distrustfully.

"Yea, good brother; even as readily as in the cloister. Do men fancy that only the churchman loves gold?"

"I doubt me the wiles of the evil one are everywhere," replied the sacrist, "but I thought the snares he set for men of war were of another make."

"We foreigners have a saying, that money is the Englishman's god," continued the other, with a smile, but not a pleasant one.

"And the Italian's?"

"Is revenge, they say. They wrong us, as

perhaps we do you. Still, even so, it might perhaps seem a nobler worship."

The monk made him no reply, but wisely shook his head, and applied himself to the flagon. Perhaps unconsciously, he moved himself at the same time rather further from his strange neighbor, and addressed his conversation to Brother Simon, who had found the good things before him requiring all his attention hitherto. The sacrist, in truth, winced under the Italian's keen glance and mocking tone. Besides the natural jealousy felt by the brotherhood against the secular priest who had been intruded into their church of Lowcote, there were strange reports abroad as to the Italian's real character and past history. Some said confidently that he was no priest at all—a mere adventurer, learned, as all agreed; some said he knew more than either clerk or layman ought to seek to learn; some had a story how he had been unfrocked by the bishops of his own church abroad; and certain it was, that to be a constant inmate of Ladysmede for the last two years, and the bosom friend and counsellor of the knight who was now master there—and such Father Giacomo was well known to be—bespoke, to say the very least, an elastic and compliant morality scarce becoming even the vow of secular priesthood.

The feast went on; and to do Sir Godfrey justice, though he urged his reverend guests to pledge him again and again, and reminded them how rare a privilege it was for him to have their company, he refrained himself from those coarse jests and uproarious exhibitions of good-fellowship for which his board was but too notorious. The presence of Sir Nicholas, perhaps, saved the monks some annoyance in these respects. Rather silent himself than otherwise, he never gave encouragement, even by a smile, to any of the host's ruder attempts at mirth. Haughtily courteous to the abbot, he still treated him with a more formal respect than he showed towards his entertainer. Sprung from a family as ancient as his own, he recognized the gentleman where he cared little for the monk. And his long foreign travel had given his manners and language an outward grace and courtesy which contrasted well, as all felt—and none knew it better than himself—with the somewhat boorish speech and coarser bearing of Sir Godfrey. Twice had the abbot moved to take leave, and the preliminary step of awak-

ing the sub-prior had been partly taken, and twice had he resumed his seat—not so much in obedience to the loudest protest of the host, as in deference to the new subject of interest slightly started by the Crusader, and skilfully followed out by the ever-ready Italian. It was but seldom the superior of Rivalsby had found himself in such pleasant company. Not learned himself, he had no sympathy with his young chaplain's pedantries; honest and plain-dealing, he disliked the prior's greed and selfishness; and what with the weight of unaccomplished reforms, and the burden of the petty complaints and jealousies unavoidable in such close societies, he led, in fact, a somewhat lonely and cheerless life in the dignified retirement of the abbot's chamber. The air of this outer world came fresh and cheering upon him after the heaviness of the cloister. Sir Nicholas le Hardi might not be a spotless knight, the Italian might have as little claim to sanctity as he had to the church of Lowcote, but at least they were men of the world, and had something else to converse upon than the misdeeds of the novices, and the petty cheats of the abbey tenants. He was loth to go, and the sub-prior had woke up again to a new bowl of spiced wine of Cyprus.

The barge had waited an hour already at the Lady's steps, and a second supply of liquor (there was no lack of that, for all comers, at the Manor) had been sent down to the boatmen by Sir Godfrey's orders, and there seemed a doubt whether the waning autumn daylight would not fail the party on their return, and still Abbot Martin sat at table. In truth, he had been trying to nerve his courage for a most unpleasant parting-speech after such a joyous evening; he was planning how to ask Sir Godfrey to favor him with a few words in private in order to remind him, in as soft words as might be, of the need, now grown so pressing, of the payment in part, at all events, of his just demands. Great, then, was his astonishment, and greater, if possible, his delight, when the Italian rose from his seat, and in a low and respectful tone whispered a few words in his ear. It was to ask the abbot "of his grace and courtesy" to be pleased to step aside with him for a few minutes into a private cabinet hard by, where he had it in charge, he said, from his good patron, to request a full acquittance before some of these present witnesses—the

abbot's seal might be had hereafter—of certain moneys due for Sir Godfrey's holdings under Rivelaby. Beckoning young Wolfert his chaplain to follow him, Abbot Martin passed through a side-door, which Giacomo held reverently open into the smaller chamber of which he spoke. There, after begging the superior to be seated, the priest counted out before his delighted eyes, in full tale, the rents which he had begun almost to despair of ever handling. Wolfert assisted in the counting; not a coin was short; but once there shot such a curious glance from those dark southern eyes, that the chaplain almost dropped the gold piece he had in his fingers. It seemed to him, as he afterwards averred, that the coin was hot; he felt sure it came from no earthly banker's hands; and he almost expected, as he looked round that ill-lighted chamber, to see the head of the unholy firm, in his usual costume of tail and horns, looking on out of some corner in person. No such misgivings, however, seemed to enter the abbot's mind, and certainly no such appearance presented itself.

"You find it correct, I think," said the Italian, blandly.

Wolfert bowed, and hardly trusted his lips to answer. Had he dared, he would have liked to have made the sign of the cross as a sort of additional security.

"You will perhaps then kindly request Sir Nicholas to favor us with his presence for an instant, to witness with yourself the acquittance which I have here shortly drawn up, in acknowledgment of the payment. Meanwhile, I will read it over to my lord abbot. Between friends," he added with another bland smile, "few words are necessary in such documents."

"The fewer the better," said the honest abbot; "do not trouble yourself to read it; there lies the money, and if the acquittance is worded to the satisfaction of the good knight of Ladysmede, all I need do is to sign it."

"Your pardon, humbly, my lord; we priests of Holy Cross are half lawyers, only we take no fees; never let your sacred hand be set to any deed without a knowledge of its contents I have known a man unwittingly sign an acknowledgment of his own treason." The Italian's smile was darker than usual, and there was even a cloud upon the calm, smooth brow—but for an instant only.

"I had proposed to read it," he resumed; "rather you will be graciously pleased to read it for yourself."

The abbot took the parchment, for he was loth to seem careless in such matters. The document was brief, as Father Giacomo had said; yet the few moments' hasty glance which the other bestowed upon it would hardly have sufficed to master its contents. The young chaplain had now returned with Sir Nicholas, and after the abbot's signature, the hands of all the others were set in testimony of the payment; the soldier's was but a plain cross with the initials of his name; Wolfert's a legible and clerly formula; but the Italian beat him out of the field in cunning penmanship and inimitable flourishes. The host himself had never left the table, and was pressing his guests to one more parting cup, which the sacrist prudently filled with water for the almost unconscious Simon.

The party were about to leave the cabinet, when a door on the other side opened, and a bright, fair-haired boy rushed in. He had some name half-uttered on his lips, when he saw the strangers, and stopped short. Recovering himself in an instant, he ran to Father Giacomo, keeping his eyes fixed at the same time on the abbot.

The Italian took his hand, and glanced hastily towards the half-closed door which led into the banqueting-room.

"Go," said he, in a low suppressed voice, which might have betokened anger, but that he laid his hand on the child's flowing curls at the same time almost caressingly—"Go; these are visitors."

Again the child's eyes sought the abbot's face. Children are ready physiognomists, and he saw in that open, kindly countenance an unmistakable token of encouragement. He did not stir, but glanced admiringly on the churchman's rich vestments, and again up to the smiling face. "Go, I say!" repeated Father Giacomo, more sternly than before, but still in a suppressed tone—"did you not hear me?"

But the abbot had held out his hand, and the boy had caught sight of the jewel on the finger. Timidly, with the blue eyes still seeking the kind face, he left his protector's side, and touched the ring which had attracted him. The abbot's other hand was laid upon the chesnut curls, when Sir Godfrey with a somewhat unsteady gait, threw open the door.

"Lord Abbot!" he shouted, hoarsely, "your sheep won't drink without the shepherd." He stopped, and his flushed face became almost pale. The Italian had moved forward at the first sound of his voice, and was standing so as almost to hide the boy from his view. But he had caught sight of him, and his next words were almost choked with passion.

"What does he here?" he demanded, with an oath; "what means it?" And he turned his fiery glance from Giacomo to the abbot with such a threatening gesture, that the latter reddened, and withdrawing his hand from the child, gave him back a look as defiant as his own.

"What brings him here, I ask?" he demanded again, fiercely, of Giacomo; "can ye not speak? have ye never a lie ready?"

"It is mere accident, Sir Godfrey; he thought I was alone. Go," he whispered once more to the frightened boy, as he led him to the small side-door. "My Lord Abbot will pardon the intrusion," continued the Italian, fixing his eyes calmly on Sir Godfrey's face.

"Take him away," said the knight in a somewhat calmer tone, but still under great excitement; "this is no time or place for such folly." Father Giacomo had led the child out, and returned immediately. His eyes seemed never to have left his patron's face, which wore an expression in which the most furious anger was struggling with embarrassment of some other kind. The abbot was mute with surprise and disgust. Le Hardi was watching Giacomo's countenance; if he read any explanation there, he must have possessed powers of divination more than human. His own calm self-possession had not failed him for a moment, and his were the first words that recalled all parties to themselves.

"We had finished our business, de Burgh, just as the child came in. But my Lord Abbot had not taken up his money: he means to leave it for me, no doubt, to bestow in charity upon poor pilgrims, or for ransoming Christian maidens from captivity, or to buy medicines for our poor wounded knaves who are rotting by hundreds in the East. Shall I be your lordship's almoner?" He lifted one of the heavy bags jestingly.

"Pardon me," said Abbot Martin, not yet recovered from the strange scene he had just witnessed; "I fear we are so ill-provided at

home just now that we can spare little even for such worthy objects. Two years last winter we had a heavy time of it. What with scant harvests and a sickly autumn, the poor at our gates alone cost us more than this in meal."

"Heaven will increase your store," said the Italian.

His patron threw a scowl of contempt towards him. If he saw it, it seemed to pass unheeded.

Wolfert took charge of the money, and the guests returned to the table. But their host made no further effort to detain them, and the abbot's face had not yet recovered its usual frank expression. With somewhat graver courtesy than he would have used a short half-hour ago, he returned thanks for the hospitality of Ladysmede; and, escorted as before, the party reached the Lady's steps, where their barge lay waiting in the twilight.

The awning which covered in the stern, and which the fineness of the morning had induced them to discard on their passage to Ladysmede, had been now drawn close by the boatmen, for the mist was fast rising on the river, and in these low grounds the autumn evening was damp and chill. Thus, comfortably sheltered from the river breeze, and in some degree secure from being overheard by their followers, the abbot and his brethren began to discuss in low tones, after the wont of guests in all days, ancient or modern, their host, their company, and their entertainment. The abbot himself, indeed, took little share in the conversation. The sudden payment in full, without solicitation on his part, of a claim which he had so long been vainly pressing, and the strange excitement of the knight during the scene in the cabinet, were matters which, though they could not but give rise to much surprise and speculation in his own mind, he had no wish to discuss with the brethren. Indeed, none of them, except Wolfert, had been witness to what had passed, though they had marked Sir Godfrey's loud and angry tone, and his evident wrath and discomposure when he returned to the table. But the haughty and distant bearing of the stranger knight had nettled their self-esteem, and they were jealous of the intellectual superiority and ill-concealed sneers of the Italian, Giacomo.

"Yet he spoke well for Holy Church," said the prior.

"His words were smoother than oil, yet were they very swords," replied the sacrist: "he is a good master of his weapon; but I reckon he can turn it against his friends as well as his enemies. I marked that he seemed to take satisfaction in an argument with Sir Nicholas, and seldom let a loose word of his pass unchallenged."

"He had but little to say on the question of Lowcote," said the prior; "all his outlandish learning was no match for a plain tale."

"He was no match for you, brother, I doubt," returned the sacrist; "*pares cum paribus*; he kept his thrusts for the Crusader." It was too dark to see the speaker's smile; but he condescended to nudge young Wolfert, who sat next him. The prior had some dim notion that Brother Andrew bantered him, but wisely judged his dignity best consulted by not appearing aware of it.

"Who or what is the man?" interrupted Wolfert, who had never seen the Italian before that day, but had regarded him with an uncontrollable horror ever since he had caught that eye in the cabinet, and had marked the looks which had passed between him and his patron after the entrance of the child. He was not sure that either of his brother monks had even seen the innocent cause of Sir Godfrey's wrath (as indeed they had not), and he had too keen an appreciation of the important and confidential position which he held as abbot's chaplain—let it be said also, too strong a sense of duty—to open his lips upon a subject upon which his superior seemed to have remained purposely silent. The boy was no heir of the house of Ladysmede, for Sir Godfrey was unmarried: whoever he was, it was plain that his presence that evening had been undesired and unwelcome; and whatever might be the young churchman's natural curiosity, he had sense enough to know that his office, while it made free demands on most of his faculties, imposed considerable restraint upon the tongue. As to Father Giacomo, however, there need surely be no mystery, and he was impatient to know something of his history. "Who is this man," said he, "and where did Sir Godfrey meet with him?"

"Shall I answer your question!" said a deep whisper, almost close, as it seemed, to his ear. Wolfert was sitting at the further end of the enclosed space, where the curtains

met across the barge, leaving some few feet between his seat and the old fisherman, who stood upright in the stern and used his long oar as a rudder. None of his companions sat on the side from which the voice proceeded. But it was not this which made the young monk start up and cross himself hurriedly, with a faint ejaculation. The seneschal, who sat opposite, started likewise, suddenly dislodging from its resting-place on his shoulder Brother Simon's head, which had gradually sank there as he dozed, and pitching him forward heavily against the sacrist. Both had recognized the tones of the Italian. "Sweet St. Mary! who spoke?" cried Wolfert.

"*Mea culpa, mea culpa!*" cried the sub-prior, scarce half awake, and considerably affected by his potations; he thought that he had been caught asleep in the choir, and was receiving discipline. In this latter impression he was not so far wrong, for Brother Andrew, upon whose person he had made so uncere-monious a descent, was indeed administering sundry vicious digs and pinches in order to get rid of him.

The stern-curtains were gently unclosed, and a muffled figure stood in the opening.

"I have not willingly played the listener, believe me," said Giacomo, for he it was; "and my Lord Abbot knows his monks' discretion too well to care for cavedroppers; yet I know that I have need to crave pardon humbly of all for my presence here. I have but waited till we were well clear of yonder bank to cast myself on your forgiveness." He spoke low, and in Latin, pure and melodious, but with something of a foreign intonation.

"What means this intrusion? how came you on board?" The prior was the first to reply, with very natural indignation; not the less, perhaps, because he had not found it easy to keep pace mentally with the stranger's fluent Latinity.

"Speak English," said the abbot, when he had somewhat recovered his first surprise; "none will overhear us." The boatmen had struck up a low chant, and the dash of the oars and the intervention of the awning allowed few words of the conversation to reach the bows of the barge. Old Hubert, the steersman, was too deaf to count as one of the audience. "But how has this been suffered? our knaves"—

"Had found Sir Godfrey's good liquor, and

their long waiting, tend to drowsiness; they were asleep; and if a silver piece overcame the scruples of this poor old man, who was keeping watch,—you, reverend fathers, who have armed yourselves against all such temptations, will not deal too hardly with those who are weak." If there was a trace of his habitual tone of mockery in the words, it vanished as he went on. "But one among you asked, I think, who or what I am. Good father abbot, I am a stranger: I have no friend in this broad land of England; and I have enemies—it may be many; some might bid me look for them even in the cloisters of Rivelaby; but if it be so, I will show more trust in them, perhaps, than they would in me. As a stranger, I beseech of you charity. I have a great boon to ask."

"Speak out," said Abbot Martin; "these are but riddles. To say the least, you have chosen to make your request in strange fashion."

"I have not chosen," said Giacomo, "I am compelled. You are right, reverend father; only the extremest need could warrant me in what I do; and for myself, I know of no need so pressing as could force me to ask your favor. But I ask you for another. This child"—he opened the folds of his cloak as he said the last words, and showed the boy clinging to him, pale but composed, "I ask, I have a right to ask for him, a shelter within the arms of the Mother of God."

"The boy!" said the astonished abbot; "what mean you? Who is he?"

"His life is in danger."

"But who is he? by what right do you take it on yourself to dispose of him? Has he not those who are his natural guardians and protectors? Does Sir Godfrey commission you to ask this for him?"

"I have told you he stands in danger of his life."

"We cannot take upon ourselves unknown responsibilities," said the prior; "tell us who the child is, and we will judge whether we may safely and lawfully give you any help in this matter."

"Is that the rule of you Benedictines?" exclaimed the Italian, in his bitterest tone; "is it so ye read, reverend father? Will ye give your help if a man be your friend, if he be your kinsman, if he be well known to you, if ye be told his birth, his parentage, his history? I had thought the holy text were written otherwise, '*hospes, et collegistis me.*'"

"But we have no certainty that you are not rather carrying the child away from those who have nearer and juster claims upon him. How can we tell whether you are his friend or his enemy?"

The Italian drew the child's head forward, and lifted his face with his hand. There was a smile on the pale features, and his eyes were fixed closely on his protector's countenance. "Am I your enemy, *caro mio*?" he asked, the tones sweet and low as a woman's.

"No, no!" said the child, very softly, but there was a world of love and confidence in the tone.

"Tell us at once," said the abbot, "or if you prefer it, tell me alone in private who this boy is; and if we be satisfied of your right to ask a home for him in Rivelaby, he shall have it."

The Italian made no answer; he seemed to be still caressing the child.

"What my Lord Abbot asks, you must allow, is but fair and reasonable," said the prior. "You bring this child out of Sir Godfrey de Burgh's house by stealth, as it would seem, and demand of us to take the charge of him; we only ask to be assured that you have the right to do so."

"Suppose I were to say he is my own child?" said the Italian, still bending over him.

"It were a shame and scandal for you to say so," said the prior.

"Pardon me, good father; the shame and the scandal, if it be one, lie in the sin, not in the confession. For these things I care little; and were I minded to tell a falsehood, the Church would give me easy absolution in so good a cause. But enough—let me crave of you to put me ashore here by Swinford Mill, and we will relieve you of our presence. There are Christian men who will give us a night's shelter, if only for the boy's sake; and there must be other cloisters within reach less cautious in their charity than St. Mary's, of Rivelaby. Fare you well, holy fathers; go your ways home; fast and pray; be zealous for Holy Church's dues; sing masses for the dead, by whom ye have your wealth, and spurn from your doors the living who claim your charity. Even so did they of Jerusalem who knew not the day of their visitation. Let us go—we will trouble you no more."

But while he spoke, the boy, whether frightened at something in his language, which, calm as it was, conveyed even to his

childish comprehension the idea of anger and bitterness—or understanding enough of the conversation to know that it concerned the disposal of himself—had caught the abbot's dress with one hand, and as the Italian drew back hastily towards the stern of the boat, the little tight-clenched grasp became plainly perceptible to both. Though staggered by the sudden jerk, he only clung the tighter to support himself. Abbot Martin was struck by the silent and it might be unintentional appeal. Kind-hearted as he was, and with a mind not slightly influenced by the superstitious feelings of the age, which was ready to trace in what we call the commonest accidents of life the tokens of supernatural encouragement or warning, this sudden claim of sanctuary made by an infant hand had more force with him than all the priest's bitter and impatient pleading.

"Stay," said he, "Father Giacomo, your words are rude; yet it may be that you mean honestly by the child. We have but little cause—pity it is that I must say so—to trust those amongst whom we find him. If he be near of kin to Sir Godfrey—still more, if he be his son, as we may well suspect—we know the risk which we incur in meddling in this matter. But were I well assured that it were a question of harm coming to the little lad," and here the abbot's hand had found that of the boy, and clasped it in his own—"had I any pledge that what you say is true, my life for his, but I would keep him safe in Rivelisby."

"You cannot know," said the Italian, "that he is either Sir Godfrey's child or kinsman; I tell you I have full right to ask and to act in his behalf as I see cause, and that I see urgent and pressing cause, else had I never asked favor at your hands, to place him for awhile in safe and honest keeping. More than this I cannot and will not tell. Your house thinks evil of me, Lord Abbot; I do them and you more justice, it may be, than you do me. Not all the wealth nor all the prayers of your brotherhood were worth to me one of his smiles." There was still a bitterness in his tone, but it was the bitterness of humbled pride. Even the prior was somewhat touched; there was a human feeling locked up even in his selfish heart, but caution had strict charge of the key.

"What pledge can you offer us of your sincerity?" he asked.

"I have offered you all I have," replied the

Italian, "and you have refused it; shall I put myself in ward at Rivelisby as a hostage for my good faith?"

"Saint Mary forbid!" said the prior.

"Anathema!" added Brother Simon, who had awakened to some comprehension of this last proposal.

"I feared I might be hardly welcome among you, even as a prisoner," said the priest, in his blandest tone. "But I have neither lands nor gold to put in trust, nor friends to answer for me; and it would be presumptuous to offer you my prayers."

"Swear that you, having the lawful custody of this child, seek now to place him, for his own safety, in the cloister of St. Mary."

"Swear!" said the priest: "when ye mistrust a man's deeds, will his oath serve to assure you? But I will swear; what oath soever may be most binding in your eyes, holy monks, I will take most readily. Shall I swear by the tears of St. Mary Magdalene, of which one drop, as I have heard, miraculously extinguished the fire which once broke out in your infirmary? or by the sacred bones of St. Quintin, which your abbot Osgar, of pious memory, in spite of all the precautions of the good brothers of Michamstede, succeeded in carrying off from?"

"Peace, scoffer!" said the prior; "I well believe all oaths were alike easy from such lips."

But the Italian threw off his mocking tone, and, as if suddenly recollecting himself, said, "Pardon, my fathers; perhaps we hardly think alike on all such matters: let there be no fresh offence between us on that score. The oath which I take I will keep at least in this matter; and it happens that I bethink me of one which, if it might be even less sacred in your eyes than, as you are pleased to judge, some of your cloister language is in mine, nevertheless my Lord Abbot here, by his leave, will hold to have some weight even on the lips of such as me." He leaned forward, and drawing the abbot a little apart from the rest, whispered in his ear, as it seemed, scarce more than a word; then raised his hand, and with a low, calm voice, in which, at least, there was neither jest nor mockery, said, so that all might hear him, "I swear!"

Abbot Martin started as though it had been the word of doom. An exclamation half burst from his lips, and he made a movement

as if he would have grasped the priest by the arm. But he was not a man of violent emotions, and he recovered his usual calm and unpretending dignity of manner.

"Enough," said he to the astonished monks, addressing them, as it seemed, rather than Giacomo; "I am satisfied with his word; I take the charge of this boy so long as need require."

"It seems scarcely well counselled, my good lord," began the prior.

"I take it upon myself; if any thing herein bring blame or loss, I hereby declare it done of my own sole act and deed, and I will do all that in me lies to bear the brotherhood harmless."

The monks were silent. Jealousy, astonishment, curiosity, were all too strong for words. Seldom had their present superior shown himself so independent of their counsel or their wishes; never, on so seemingly slight a cause, had they seen him so moved. The Italian bowed his head. "In good time," he said, "for here is Swinford Mill; here, if it please you, let us part." And while the abbot gave the necessary order, he drew the child close to him, and whispered with him for a few moments in the stern of the barge. The parting was very calm and quiet on both sides. If there were tears in the child's eyes, the increasing darkness hid them, and he made no outward complaint or lamentation at being left alone among strangers. His companion had prepared him, doubtless, beforehand for this termination of the interview; and when, after a close embrace, he led him back and placed his hand again in that of the abbot, he did not tremble as he had done in the chamber at Ladysmede. When the barge was brought to the millbank, and the Italian, with a few words of courteous farewell, which the monks returned but shortly, prepared to land, the abbot rose, and seemed half inclined to follow him. Leaning over the side of the barge as the other stepped ashore, he spoke a few words low and earnestly, which to the rest of the party were inaudible.

"*Addio!*" said the Italian; "the boy will be safe with you." He turned, and was soon lost to sight in the thickening mists of evening.

The barge continued its way. Abbot Martin had made room for the child beside him,

and after a few words of kind encouragement, asked him his name.

"My name is Giulio," he answered.

"Giulio de Burgh?"

"Giulio is my name," the boy repeated, without seeming to understand the second question.

The abbot made no further inquiries, but wrapped his little charge safe from the night air in a warm furred cloak which the priest had left for him. The child leaned his head confidently against the shoulder of his new friend, and remained perfectly still and silent, as though he slept. The rest of the party preserved for some time the same embarrassed silence which had prevailed since their superior's sudden compliance with the Italian's proposal; and nothing was heard but the measured chant of the fishermen, and the dash and ripple of the water, and the groaning of the oars in the rowlocks as the barge swung heavily against the stream round the many bends of the river as they neared the abbey.

They were in the last reach, and the lights from the long row of conventual buildings were gleaming cheerily in the water before them, when the prior broke the silence.

"If Sir Godfrey hears, as he surely will, that we have this boy here among us, he will be sorely wroth; if he have any claim to the disposing of him, right or wrong—which I do not care to ask—he will spare neither force nor fraud to make it good. Far be it from me to question our reverend father's judgment, but I would we knew where this will end."

"There need be little fear, good brother," returned the abbot, "of its coming to Sir Godfrey's ears, so we but keep our own counsel wisely. Old Hubert's silence may easily be bought; as to Roger and the rest, they will have enough to marvel at in the priest's having been on board at all, and will never dream that he had any companion. It is easy enough for us, if we will, to take the child with us when we land, without their knowledge. Good brother," he continued, addressing himself to the sacrist, "you are reported to have a stout arm at quarter-staff; a kind heart I know you have; it needs but to throw this cloak over your shoulder, and you may carry him up through the gate at this hour, and none be the wiser."

The weight of Andrew the sacrist's cudgel had been felt by more than one misdemeanant amongst the dependents of Rivelshy, and was an argument which he was said to have used with some success in settling with a refractory forester who had long objected to pay the church her dues. His kindness of heart, however, was a virtue which he certainly was not wont to parade, and to which his brother monks would scarcely have been so ready to bear testimony. The abbot's compliment on this point fell, therefore, upon the more willing ears. He accepted the proposed office with a wonderfully good grace, and proceeded at once—for they were now close to the water-gate—to make the needful arrangements.

"Art asleep, little one?" he asked, lowering his voice to a kindly whisper, as he prepared to move the boy from the abbot's side, where he was still closely nestled.

Giulio did not answer, but felt for his new guardian's hand, and slightly pressed it, in token that he might be trusted to be silent and discreet; and when his slender form had been raised to the proper position, and wrapped so cunningly as to add but very little to the outline of his bearer's stout proportions, even had there been light enough to have distinguished them, he joined his arms round the monk's neck to support himself with such a loving clasp, as to make him give the abbot credit, from that time forth, for very remarkable penetration, in having detected a weakness in his character on the point of tender-heartedness of which he had been wholly unconscious himself. Those little human fingers, with their strange touch, had a wonderful power of feeling into the secrets of these men's hearts.

"Why, what a morsel it is!" said the sacrist; "he is scarce as heavy as the mass-book. I feared I might have been asked to carry the excellent sub-prior. Do you see to him, Master Wolfert, that he steps ashore as becomes his dignity; if he plump into the river hereabouts, it may cost us some pains to get him out of the mud."

Following carefully the abbot's steps, and with one of the brethren walking close at his side, so as in some degree to conceal his figure, the monk carried his novel burden safe and undiscovered up the river walk, and through the arched gateway which led into the court of

the monastery. Thence he was led up into the abbot's chamber, where, for the first time, the brethren found light and leisure to examine more closely the little stranger who had been so suddenly thrown upon their protection. He might be about seven years old—a slight fair boy, whose large blue eyes had more than a child's intelligence, with a grave and thoughtful sadness which might have been their natural character, or might have seemed to tell a tale of early suffering; and it was an expression of the same kind about the lines of the mouth, always painful in so young a face, which alone would have prevented the well-cut features from being pronounced beautiful. He bore the curious gaze with which his new protectors scrutinized him with wonderful self-possession, and only a very slight flush rose into the thin, pale cheek. Much as they might long to know something of his history, all felt it would be unkind to question him then. There hardly needed even the few kind words with which the abbot sought to gain the boy's confidence to assure him that he had fallen into kindly hands. Their very curiosity was in his favor. Be he who or what he might, and whatever trouble his strange coming might bring with it, it was an event in the life of the cloister. There was an unconscious sympathy between the child and the recluse. The one was as ready to welcome the object of a novel and pleasing excitement, as the other had been to find in every new face a friend. It might be, too, that in both the tendrils of the heart had found as yet but few natural props to cling to, and were striking wildly out, it mattered not in what direction, to seize on any chance support that offered. The prior, indeed, was not among them; he had taken his leave of the party at the gate, protesting, as far as reserve and silence could protest, that he washed his hands altogether of a proceeding in which his own opinion had been so little consulted. Brother Simon had wisely found his way to bed; but the rest still stood round the little Giulio with looks of eager yet kindly interest, until the superior gave him in charge to his chaplain, with instructions to the master of the novices for the refreshment and rest which he needed.

"And bid the good father place him for this night, if it may be, in some chamber apart; to-morrow, say that I will see to his

lodging myself." And with a kindly spoken blessing he dismissed his little guest, and the monks withdrew.

He was still pacing his chamber slowly when Wolfert returned from his errand. After ascertaining that his orders had been duly executed, he took up his breviary and sat down. Either he was engrossed with his devotions, or at least he was indisposed for conversation. Once or twice he rose, and, walking to one of the windows, looked out into the starlight over the long, low flats. The student chaplain had opened his ponderous volume, and, partly because it was his habit, partly because he would gladly have been favored with somewhat more of his companion's confidence, sat late into the night. The bell went for midnight lauds, but Abbot Martin's seat in choir, contrary to his wont, was vacant. Wolfert found him still sitting,

breviary in hand, when he returned; and when, after scarcely venturing to bid his superior a reverent good-night, he laid himself down at last on his own pallet, which, according to custom, was set in one corner of the abbot's chamber, it seemed long to his weary eyes before the light which burned there was extinguished. Not even curiosity could keep the young monk from sleeping; but twice, before the day broke, he started from his rest, as he thought he heard first the Italian's voice, and then the abbot's, calling him. The last time he felt sure his ears had not deceived him. It was Abbot Martin's voice, and he was calling, but not on Wolfert. Whether the name which broke from his lips were that of holy saint or sinful mortal, it was one never heard before within the walls of Rivelshy.

THE SACRED HANDKERCHIEF.—Near the Convent of Abraham (at Orfa) is an ancient cloister called Ishanli Kiliise, the church with bells, where the handkerchief is preserved with which the Messiah wiped his face. They guard it with the greatest care, fearing lest some king, eager to enrich himself with such a treasure, should carry it away, and accordingly they refuse to show it. Myself having much mingled in my travels with Greeks, I begged of the monks the favor to be shown that handkerchief, but they assured me that there was no such thing in their convent. Having taken my oath on the Evangelist and on the doctrine of Jesus that I would discover to nobody the existence of their handkerchief, I was led to an obscure cave, on the outside of which I left my servants. The cave was illuminated with twelve candles. They produced from a cupboard a small chest, and from the chest a box studded with precious stones, which being opened spread a perfume of muscus and ambergris, and there I beheld the noble handkerchief. It is a square of two ells, woven of the fibres of the palm-tree. After the vassation on Mount Sinai, Jesus having put this handkerchief to his face, it received the impression of his enlightened countenance in so lively a manner, that everybody who looks on it, believes it to be a living image, breathing, smiling, and looking him in the face. I have not the least doubt this is the true impression of Jesus' face. Having had many conversations with learned and well-informed men, and having seen in my travels thousands of marvellous

things produced by the ingenuity of art, I examined it a long time, whether it might not be, like so many other pictures in Christian churches, the masterpiece of some skilful painter: but I convinced myself by the evidence of senses and reason that this awful portrait was the true impression of Jesus, because even such men as myself who behold it, begin to tremble, overawed by the effect of so great a miracle. I took it with reverence, and put it to my face, and bid it hail.—*Evlia's Travels*, vol. 3.*

* Evidently the same story as that of Veronica. See Fuller's "*True Penitent*."—J. W. W.

A BABE is a mother's anchor; she cannot go far from her moorings. And yet a true mother never lives so little in the present as when by the side of the cradle. Her thoughts follow the imaged future of her child. That babe is the boldest of pilots, and guides her fearless thoughts down through scenes and coming years.

THE HOLY MAN ON HIS SOLITARY VISIT TO THE CAABA, AND THE SERPENT.—The merit of the pilgrimage round the Caaba is infinitely enhanced if it be performed alone. Kotbeddin relates that a holy man watched night and day for forty years in hopes of this happy opportunity. At last he thought he had found it; but on the way he met a serpent upon the same business, and this animal assured him that he had been waiting in like manner a century longer than himself.—*Notices des MSS. de la Bibl. Nat.*, tom. 4, p. 544.

Recollections. By Samuel Rogers. (Longman & Co.)

From The Athenæum.

PIQUANT are the Pleasures of Memory when he who sits down with his lonely thoughts has been a banker no less than a poet—with a window hanging over the Park, rooms bursting with the treasures of Italian Art, a table bright with the glances of beauty and merry with the memorable wit and frolic of the great. For him, surely, if for any one, the street is paved with gold and rubies, and the sky rosy with that poetic light which never yet was seen by common eye on sea or shore. Fancy the journey of life turning away from the vale of tears, and skirting only the sunny paths from Pactolus to Parnassus, from Parnassus to Pactolus! Such a poet is to be envied—such a banker to be known. His daily companionship will be with the renowned, his conversation with men whose words are caught up eagerly even in far-off echoes. When the banker-bard is accomplished in the fine social art of giving and taking—courteous to hear as well as brilliant to reply—a life passed in the great world must have yielded much. Every one will feel that “*Recollections*” of the sayings and doings of men so famous as Charles James Fox, Edmund Burke, Henry Grattan, Richard Porson, John Horne Tooke, Prince Talleyrand, Lord Erskine, Walter Scott, Lord Grenville, and the Duke of Wellington, noted by one so keen of sight and sharp of pen as Samuel Rogers, must make an amazingly clever and piquant book. These men pushed foremost in the hustling crowd. Their lives make history. Their mere talk is history. As wits and orators, fighting their way through the world with voice and tongue, or as warriors, crashing a space in front of them with cannon shot and charges of dragoons, they belong, with their vices, their sorrows, and their glories, to the band which mankind will never willingly allow to die. They are ours, and we shall not soon tire of them. Most of all we delight to catch them in undress, the cravat thrown aside, the pen out of hand, the password out of mind. We want to hear of Fox’s airy jest and social sport; his “Gibbon is a great coxcomb, sir;” “After all, sir, Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life;” as well as of the eloquence, that rolled upon our grandfathers “like a wave of the Atlantic three thousand miles

long.” We are pleased to find Porson at our elbow, cracking his jokes and laughing out his abundant wisdom, as he gulps his port. Then, how charming to meet Burke in the fields before breakfast, spud in hand, grubbing at the nettles, chopping away at the clods, as though they were so many Sans Culottes, while chewing at those mighty sentences which emptied the house and yet swayed his contemporaries. We shake hands with Grattan, and hear the slippery silver of his brogue, wreathing itself through innumerable quips and quirks. We long to test Talleyrand’s studied impromptus, and enjoy Horne Tooke’s gentlemanly comicalities. Chief of all, we gather close to the table when the Great Duke is speaking in his own sharp tones of the Great Emperor—of his genius and of his blunders, his statesmanship and his wars,—of the fierce and picturesque contest in Spain,—of the crowning carnage at Waterloo,—or, when the hero of a hundred fights—every fight a victory—is laughing with that strange, hoarse crow of his at some passing fun, as though he were not the man of bronze which we see, and which he could see, imaged on arch and pedestal within ken of every window of his house, but a big, romping Eton boy, not yet grown gentlemanly and a prig.

Samuel Rogers has provided for us in these notes a very singular pleasure. The great people of the past come before us in the flesh—made visible by a touch, a spell. He calls up the dead by a magic like that of the eye and voice of an actual narrator—for his record is of conversations, and has all the scatter and fire, and informal, vivid portraiture of real talk, where a trait, an anecdote, an interruption of voice yields a character more distinct and impressive than a more elaborate historical presentation,—just as a ray of sun often catches the truth of a face with a brilliancy beyond the studied skill of the Royal Academician.

We must not keep the reader at the door while the feast is being served within. In a month like this, bright with the rage of battle, we turn with eager hand to the chapters labelled “Duke of Wellington,” catching as we do on every page the name of Bonaparte, and noting that the words are those of the Duke himself. From these the reader will thank us to serve him without stint. We first of all pick out the Duke’s opinion of the

mighty antagonist whom he met only once—and then so crushed that he had no need to meet him a second time. Wellington himself is speaking of Napoleon:—

“Bonaparte, in my opinion, committed one of his greatest errors when he meddled with Spain; for the animosity of the people was unconquerable, and it was almost impossible to get us out of that Corner. I have often said it would be his ruin; though I might not live to see it. A conqueror, like a cannon-ball, must go on. If he rebounds, his career is over. [Bonaparte was certainly as clever a man as ever lived, but he appears to me to have wanted sense on many occasions.] At one time I expected him there [in Spain] in person, and him by himself I should have regarded at least as an accession of forty thousand men.”

Then, again, at Waterloo. Those who sneer at the bands of young men now singing “Riflemen, form!” should note and digest the few words we have ventured to mark in italics:—

“When Bonaparte left Elba for France, I was at Vienna, and received the news from Lord Burghersh, our Minister at Florence. The instant it came I communicated it to every member of the Congress, and all laughed; the Emperor of Russia most of all. ‘What was in your letter to his Majesty this morning,’ said his Physician; ‘for when he broke the seal, he clapped his hands and burst out a laughing?’ Various were the conjectures as to whether he was gone; but none would hear of France. All were sure that in France he would be massacred by the people, when he appeared there. I remember Talleyrand’s words so well: ‘Pour la France—Non!’ Bonaparte I never saw; though during the battle [Waterloo] we were once, I understood, within a quarter of a mile of each other. I regret it much; for he was a most extraordinary man. To me he seems to have been at his *acmé* at the Peace of Tilsit, and gradually to have declined afterwards. . . . At Waterloo he had the finest army he ever commanded; and every thing up to the onset must have turned out as he wished. Indeed he could not have expected to beat the Prussians, as he did at Ligny, in four hours. But two such armies as those at Waterloo have seldom met, if I may judge from what they did on that day. It was a battle of giants! a battle of giants! Many of my troops were new; but the new fight well, though they *manœuvre* ill; better perhaps than many who have fought and bled. As to the way in which some of our ensigns and lieutenants braved danger—the boys just come from school—it exceeds all belief. They ran as at Cricket.”

Here is an anecdote of Waterloo told by the Duke:—

“De Lancy was with me and speaking to me when he was struck. We were on a point of land that overlooked the plain, and I had just been warned off by some soldiers (but as I saw well from it, and as two divisions were engaging below, I had said ‘Never mind’), when a ball came leaping along *en ricochet*, as it is called, and striking him on the back, sent him many yards over the head of his horse. He fell on his face, and bounded upward and fell again. All the Staff dismounted, and ran to him; and when I came up he said, ‘Pray tell them to leave me, and let me die in peace.’ I had him conveyed into the rear; and two days afterwards when, on my return from Brussels, I saw him in a barn, he spoke with such strength that I said (for I had reported him among the killed), ‘Why, De Lancy, you will have the advantage of Sir Condy in Castle Rackrent; you will know what your friends said of you after you were dead.’—‘I hope I shall,’ he replied. Poor fellow! We had known each other ever since we were boys. But I had no time to be sorry; I went on with the army and never saw him again.”

From the Prince de Talleyrand Mr. Rogers learned a fact or two about the Emperor, which we may as well throw in here:—

“That dispatch which Bonaparte published on his retreat from Moscow, was it written by Himself?—By Himself certainly.—Which is the best portrait of him?—That which represents him at Malmaison. It is done by Isabey. The bust I gave Alexander Baring, done by Canova, is excellent. It stands too low at present.—Did he shave himself?—Always; though he was long about it, shaving a little and then conversing, if anybody was with him. A king by birth, said he smiling, is shaved by another. He who makes himself *Roi* shaves himself.”

Talleyrand on another occasion says:—

“He [Bonaparte] was with the Army of England at Boulogne, when he heard of Mack’s being at Ulm. ‘If it had been mine to place him, I should have placed him there.’ In an instant the army was in full march, and he in Paris. I attended him to Strasburg, and was alone with him in the house of the Prefet—in one of the chambers there—when he fell, and foamed at the mouth. ‘*Fermez la porte*,’ he cried, and from that moment lay as dead on the floor. Berthier came to the door. ‘*On ne peut pas entrer*.’ The Empress came to the door. ‘*On ne peut pas entrer*.’ In about half an hour he recovered; but what would have been my situation if he

had died? Before daybreak he was in his carriage, and in less than sixty hours the Austrian army had capitulated."

Mr. Rogers adds a note to this conversation :

"The story of Napoleon's illness at Strasburg I repeated to Lucien, who listened to it with great sang-froid. 'Have you ever heard it before?'—'Never. It is an infirmity to which many great men have been subject—Cæsar among others. My brother was once before attacked in the same way, but then (he said with a smile) he was defeated, I believe.' S. R."

The meeting of Wellington and Blucher on the field of Waterloo, when the shock of battle had ceased, and the hack and carnage had begun, has been often described and painted. Here is the Duke's account, which differs very much from the pictorial representations of the scene:—

"When all was over Blucher and I met at La Maison Ronce. It was midnight when he came; and riding up, he threw his arms round me, and kissed me on both cheeks as I sat in the saddle. I was then in pursuit; and, as his troops were fresh, I halted mine, and left the business to him. [In the day I was for some time encumbered with the *Corps Diplomatique*. They would not leave me, say what I would.] We supped afterwards together between night and morning, in a spacious tent erected in the valley for that purpose. Pozzo di Borgo was there among others; and, at my request, he sent off a messenger with the news to Ghent; where Louis the Eighteenth breakfasted every morning in a bow-window to the street, and where every morning the citizens assembled under it to gaze on him. When the messenger, a Russian, entered the room with the news, the King embraced him; and all embraced him, and one another, all over the house. An Emissary of Rothschild was in the street; and no sooner did he see these demonstrations than he took wing for London. Not a syllable escaped from his lips at Bruges, at Ostend, or at Margate; nor, till Rothschild had taken his measures on the Stock Exchange, was the intelligence communicated to Lord Liverpool."

From the lips of Lord Hardinge, Mr. Rogers set down a good story of the previous fight, in which the Prussians had been so terribly cut up:—

"Before the battle of Ligny [said Lord Hardinge], in which I lost my arm about noon, Blucher, thinking that the French were gathering more and more against him, requested that I would go and solicit the Duke

for some assistance. I set out; but I had not proceeded far for the purpose, when I saw a party of horse coming towards me; and observing that they had short tails, I knew at once that they were English, and soon distinguished the Duke. He was on his way to the Prussian head-quarters, thinking that they might want some assistance; and he instantly gave directions for a supply of Cavalry. 'How are they forming?' he inquired.—'In column, not in line,' I replied.—'The Prussian soldier, says Blucher, will not stand in line.'—'Then the artillery will play upon them and they will be beaten damnably.' So they were. At the last Waterloo dinner, when my health was drunk as usual, and as usual I rose to return thanks, I stated briefly this occurrence, and the Duke, when I alluded to it, cried 'Hear, hear.'"

There is another anecdote of Waterloo which we must cite:—

"Two days before the battle of Waterloo the Duke came in to Lady Mornington's room at Brussels, saying, 'Napoleon has invaded Belgium; order horses and wait at Antwerp for further instructions.' When they were there [at Antwerp] Alava entered their room, waving a bloody handkerchief, and informed her that a victory was gained and that they must return forthwith to Brussels. She and her daughters had not been there [q. Brussels] half an hour when the Duke arrived, and walking up and down the apartment in a state of the greatest agitation, burst into tears, and uttered these memorable words:—'The next greatest misfortune to losing a battle is to gain such a victory as this.'—*Note by Samuel Rogers.*"

To go back to the Duke's talk on the war in Spain. On some of the causes of his own great success in that country, he spoke very freely. The first was his stern protection of private property. This respect won him the good-will of high and low. We give from his own conversation some striking instances of the help he got and of its very great value to him as commander-in-chief of an advancing and victorious army:—

"Everywhere I received intelligence from the Peasants and the Priests. The French learnt nothing. At Vittoria they were hourly expecting Clausel with reinforcements, and I was taking my measures accordingly, when Alava brought me an Inn-keeper, who said, 'Make yourself easy, sir; he is now quietly lodged for the night in my house, six leagues off.' So saying, he returned to attend upon him, and I lost no time. Gordon (afterwards killed at Waterloo) passed the night in an Osteria with some French officers, and no

sooner were they asleep than a Spanish child in the room made gestures to Gordon, drawing the edge of his hand across his throat.—‘And why so?’ said Gordon in the morning when they were gone.—‘Because I knew you to be an Englishman by your sword and your spurs.’—‘Don’t drink of that Well,’ said a Spanish Woman to an English Soldier. ‘Is it poisoned?’—‘Some Frenchman are there,’ she replied, ‘and more than you can count.’ Whenever a Frenchman came and looked into it, she sent him in, headlong.”

At another time, the Duke said:—

“War in Spain is much less of an evil than in other countries. There is no property to destroy. Enter a house, the walls are bare; there is no furniture. —, when at our head-quarters in Spain, wished to see an Army, and I gave directions that he should be conducted through ours. When he returned, he said, ‘I have seen nothing—Nothing but here and there little clusters of men in confusion; some cooking, some washing, and some sleeping.’—‘Then you have seen an Army,’ I said.”

When Soult came down from Dresden to arrest, as Napoleon believed he would, the victorious march of the English into France, the Duke was eager to catch a glimpse of this famous Marshal. He gratified his curiosity in a manner which, as events turned out, must have been extremely unpleasant for his new antagonist.

“There was a Spy in the habit of going from camp to camp. We called him Don Uran de la Rosa; and he dined with us and the French alternately. ‘Who is he and what is he?’ said Alava when he saw him at table.—‘A Spaniard, an Andalusian,’ they replied.—‘No Spaniard,’ said Alava; ‘he may be Cagliostro, or anybody else, but no Spaniard.’—He was forever talking as Frenchmen are, and always at my elbow. He had just left the French, and he said to me when I was reconnoitring, ‘Do you wish to see Marshal Soult?’—‘Certainly.’—‘There he is, then!’ I looked through my glass, and saw him distinctly—so distinctly as to know him instantly when I met him afterwards in Paris; as I did several times, though never to exchange ten words with him. He was sitting on his horse, and writing a dispatch on his hat; while an Aide-de-Camp waited by him; to whom, when he had done, he delivered it, pointing with much earnestness in one direction again and again. ‘I see enough,’ I replied, and gave the glass to another, saying to him, ‘Observe which way that gentleman goes.’ He galloped off as directed; and I knew at once, as I thought, where the attack was to be

made. ‘That is my weakest point,’ said I to myself; and I prepared accordingly; of such use, as I had always maintained, are glasses. He [Soult] looked much lustier than now, and just as his son now does. I beat him thoroughly the next day or the day after, and drove him back into France.”

The opponent for whom the Duke of Wellington had the greatest respect was Massena. “When Massena was opposed to me, and in the field, I never slept comfortably,” he said to Rogers. This is the highest form of compliment. Massena said to Wellington, in the same spirit—“I owe these gray hairs to-you.” This was at a dinner party in Paris. The sayings are characteristic of the two countries and the two soldiers.

Of personal anecdote concerning Wellington there is not much preserved by Mr. Rogers. The Duke was not fond of telling stories of himself—for he was not a hero in his own opinion, whatever he might be in that of his *valet de chambre*. We string together the few little traits which deserves attention:—

“In Spain, and also in France I used continually to go alone and reconnoitre almost up to their piquets. Seeing a single horseman in his cloak, they disregarded me as some subaltern. No French General, said Soult, would have gone without a guard of at least a thousand men.”

—And then both guard and general would have been seen and driven in. Again:—

“The elastic woven corset would answer well over the cuirass. It saved me, I think, at Orthez, where I was hit on the hip. I was never struck but on that occasion, and there I was not wounded. I was on horseback again the same day. In Spain I shaved myself overnight, and usually slept five or six hours: sometimes, indeed, only three or four, and sometimes only two. In India I never undressed; it is not the custom there; and for many years in the Peninsula I undressed very seldom; *never for the first four years*.

The italics are ours; as are those also in the following passage:—

“I speared seven or eight wild boars in a forest in Picardy—an Eastern practice. The largest struck the sole of my foot with his tusk, when I thrust my lance into his spine, and was turning my horse off at the instant, as I always did. The rest of the party set up a shout, and *I believe it gave me more pleasure, this achievement, than any thing I ever did in my life*. Lord Hill killed one on foot, but the difficult thing was to kill one on horseback. Whoever threw the first lance into a boar claimed it as his.”

An anecdote at the Tuileries has something of a personal interest :—

"I have often dined with the King of the Netherlands. The Northern Kings admit subjects and strangers to dine with them. The Bourbons never did, I believe, at Paris, except in my instance. At Ghent, perhaps, the etiquette was departed from; but I believe I am the only person who has dined with Lewis XVIII. at Paris. I have dined often with him. He sat at six; and when dinner was announced, was wheeled in from the room in which he had received me. The table was large, and he sat between the two ladies, the Duchesses of Berri and Angoulême. I sat between Monsieur and the Duke d'Angoulême. They were waited upon by gentlemen—I by a servant; and, of course, best served. The dinner was exquisite. We sat down at six, and rose at seven; and then all sat and talked with the King till eight, avoiding all political subjects. The King ate freely, but mixed water with his wine, which was champagne. The King will not now go out in the carriage but on great occasions. They have contrived a machine to lift him into it by; but his indolence, or his fear of the caricaturists, or both, keep him at home. He is fond of *mots*, and full of *esprit* rather than sensible; and did not at first consent to read the speeches prepared for him by his ministers, preferring to speak *d'abondance*."

The Duke had no very high opinion of those who wrote on his warlike operations, and of this he made no secret. The severe verdict on Scott would have been very annoying to the romancer had he heard it :—

"*Scott's 'Life of Napoleon' is of no value.* The tolerable part of it is what relates to his retreat from Moscow. I have thought much on that subject, and have made many inquiries concerning it. I gave him my papers. He has used some, not all."

Of Southey the Great Duke also thought meanly :—

"Napier has great materials, and means well; but he is too much influenced by anything that makes for him, even by an assertion in a newspaper. I do not think much of Southey. The Subaltern is excellent, particularly in the American Expedition to New Orleans. He describes all he sees."

The Duke, as we know from these conversations and from other sources, occasionally contemplated writing commentaries on his campaigns in the manner of Cæsar and Sir Francis Vere. Of Cæsar he was a careful student. "Had Cæsar's Commentaries with

me in India," he says, "and learnt much from them,—fortifying my camp every night as he did. I passed over the rivers as he did, by means of baskets and boats of basket-work; only I think I improved upon him, constructing them into bridges, and always fortifying them, and leaving them guarded, to return by them if necessary." In another place, referring to this longing to become his own historian, the Duke says,—"I should like much to tell the truth; but if I did I should be torn to pieces, here or abroad. I have, indeed, no time to write, much as I might wish to do so; and I am still [December, 1827] too much in the world to do it."

In brief notes of conversation, be the speaker wise or silly, we are not to expect the roundness of a regular treatise. Good talk is not writing, nor should it be like writing. Conversation is an artistic blending of words, glances, shrugs, pauses, laughter, thought, replication,—in which many may take a part at the same moment, the listener often contributing no less than the speaker, and in which a thousand meanings shall pass from one to another by lighter wings than those of words. Hence the very great difficulty of reporting conversation, and especially of conveying the dash of repartee and the sparkle of humor. When words have to do duty for liquid looks and crackling mirth, champagne fresh and champagne flat is the common measure of difference. Yet true notes of conversation may have a very great charm, if we are content to take them for what they are—hints of character,—and collections of table-talk and *ana*, are in all languages among the most popular of books.

Rogers, we may take for granted, knew what he was doing when he set down these brief notes. Never deceived into an idea that, in putting down Fox's or Porson's random chatter on men, women, and books, he was preserving *bon-mots* for the next edition of Joe Miller, he wrote down in his note-book the wisdom, the fancy, the eccentricity, or the foolishness, just as it arose, for its own sake, as part of the men who uttered it. Rogers felt wit as keenly as any man alive, and knew very well the difference between the true and the false. His volume of "Recollections" is not, therefore, a book of broad grins, but a book of character. In the following string of sayings, by C. J. Fox, there is scarcely one

remark to ruffle a convivial party, though there are a hundred hints of the mind, character, and views of the man:—

"Admired Gray's fragment on Government, but not so highly as Courtney, who thought it the first one hundred lines in the language, and quoted, 'oft o'er the trembling nations.' Thought he could find better in the *Religio Laici*—and the Traveller, from which he quoted—'and wondering man could want a larger pile,' etc.—preferred that poem to the *Deserted Village*. . . . Was disappointed by Schiller's *Robbers*. When I hinted its having been suggested by Massinger's *Guardian*, he remembered it instantly, and said he should read it again. . . . Thought Massinger underrated and neglected—had always admired him greatly, and preferred him much to Beaumont and Fletcher. . . . Quoted largely from the *Hind and Panther*, and particularly with great emphasis Dryden's 'Happy the man, and happy he alone,' which he preferred to the original of Horace. Was fonder of Dryden than Pope. . . . Thought Pope's *Eloisa* to Abeldar 'about half and half;' and particularly disliked 'Give all thou earnest,' etc.; and 'Oh! make me mistress to the man I love,' only a common vulgar sentiment, and not as it is in her letters 'the wife of Abeldar.' *Eloisa* much greater in her letters than Pope had made her. . . . Liked the Rape of the Lock and Prologue to *Cato*; but above all the *Messiah*. Thought the *Sylphs* the prettiest things in the world. . . . When Francis said that Wilberforce, if it was left to him to decide whether Pitt should go out of office for ten months and the Slave-trade be abolished forever, or Pitt remain in—with the Slave-trade, would decide for Pitt—'Yes,' said Fox, 'I'm afraid he would be for Barabbas'. . . . Treated Political Economy lightly. Said France had drawn her political knowledge from England—'We knew nothing on that subject till Adam Smith wrote,' said Lord Lauderdale.—'Poh,' says Fox, 'Your Adam Smiths are nothing:—But that is his Love,' says Fox, speaking of Lauderdale; 'we must spare him there.'—'I think,' says Lauderdale, 'it is every thing.'—'That,' says Fox, 'is a great proof of your affection'. . . . 'I wish I was Member for Westminster,' said Lord L.—'And I wish I was a Scotch Peer,' said Fox.—'Why so?'—'I should then be disqualified'. . . . Did not admire any of Milton's verse; thought it inverted and artificial, though the defect is less visible in the grand parts; particularly liked 'Fame, that last infirmity of noble minds,' and the *Sonnet to Skinner*. . . . Mrs. Fox said the only fault she could find with him was his aversion to music. The utmost she could say for him was that he *could* read

Homer, while she played and sung to herself. . . . The Queen a bad woman—the King distrustful of everybody—not from education only. There is such a thing as a suspicious nature. The Prince quick; he would not have ventured to treat the Princess as he did publicly, if not encouraged by somebody. . . . Vanbrugh almost as great a genius as ever lived. Sir John Brute—'And this woman will get a husband!' Confederacy, from the French; with so much the air of an original! Who would have thought it? . . . Josephine a very pleasing woman. . . . He loved children. . . . The poets wrote the best prose—Cowley's very sweet; Milton's excepted—more extravagant than his verse, as if written in ridicule of the latter. . . . Who do you think the best writer of our time? I'll tell you who I think—Blackstone. . . . Lord Hervey's verses on Pope very good, though Burke did not think so. . . . Pope's letters very bad—I think him a foolish fellow, upon the whole, myself—but he has certainly feeling; and I like him the best when not a satirist. . . . Gray—no man with that face could have been a man of sense. His Essay on Education and his Churchyard, his best works. The Nile!—(when he came to that passage in reading it, his face brightened, his voice rose, and he looked to me)—A very learned and extraordinary man. . . . Repeated with Mrs. Fox that song of Mrs. Barbauld's, 'Come here, fond youth, who e'er thou be'—the first verse full of bad grammar. . . . The Italian historians, perhaps the best modern ones; but I think very well of Hume, I own. . . . Gibbon a great coxcomb—his portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds is over the fireplace at Lausanne, and he used to look at it as often as if it had been his mistress'.—Observed again that if any man were to say, 'I don't like his history, I will acquire the information another way,' he would find it a very hard task. Lausanne a pleasant, cheerful place independent of its scenery. . . . A buffon—I wish for one colored. . . . Rousseau used Hume very ill. . . . Temples in gardens—wished for a temple to the Muses—wished anybody would let him build him one. Lord Newburgh a man of great taste—has built a temple for me; perhaps there are too many at Stowe. . . . The World very superior to the *Adventurer* was very much pleased with it lately. . . . Nobody but very young girls could like *Love-lace*—perhaps *they* might. . . . Thomas Lord Lyttelton—a wicked man—a complete rascal, to be sure. Liked his father's verses, 'The heavy hours are almost past'. . . . Always think of what Lord — used to say, that nothing is so easy as for young people to make fools of old people whenever they please. . . . Raleigh a very fine writer. Lord

Surrey too old. . . . After all Burke was a damned wrong-headed fellow through life—always jealous and contradictory. . . . No man, I maintain, could be ill-tempered, who wrote so much nonsense as Swift."

The opinions here given on great books and great writers may be rejected as slight. They are so, perhaps; but, then, they are not preserved by Rogers as criticism, but as character. If Fox cannot bear Milton, so much the worse for him. As regards the poet of Paradise, the remark has no value; as regards the parliamentary orator, it has some. Fox seemed to have taken personal offence against Milton; and it would have been equally curious had he conceived a great dislike to the Equator, or had a personal objection to the Planetary System.

We give a bit of talk from Burke:—

"Dull Proserers are preferable to dull Jokers. The first require only patience; but the last harass the spirits, and check their spontaneous action. . . . Quizzing a system of terror—the ruin of all social intercourse. . . . More indulgence should be shown to Story-tellers. A story to be good, should be a little long sometimes; and in general, when a man offers you his story, it is the best thing he has to give you. There should be a variety of styles, too, in conversation, as in other amusements. . . . A great admirer of Swift's humor, particularly in his namby-pamby letters to Stella, which he always praised for their genuine gracefulness and ease. It being observed that many could not relish them in early life, but had grown to like them afterwards, he said: In early life we have generally a serious turn. It is in youth that the reasoning powers are strongest, though the stock is then too small to make any show with. The imagination becomes strongest after youth; for however ready it is to come forward, it cannot be exercised without a stock of knowledge."

Grattan's talk, as preserved by Rogers, is often capital in itself, apart from its value as an illustration. Take the following scraps:—

"Were you twenty years old, and Captain Cook setting sail, would you go round the world with him? No, I have no wish to see such countries as he saw. I wish to see Rome and Athens, and some parts of Asia; but little besides. . . . My Uncle Dean Marlay was famous for the best little dinners, and the best company in Dublin—but when made a Bishop he enlarged his table, and he lost his fame—he had no more good company—and there was an end of his enjoyment. He had at first about four hundred pounds a

year, and his little dinners were delightful; but he had an estate left him, and afterwards came to a Bishoprick—he had Lords and Ladies to his table—people of fashion—foolish men and foolish women, and there was an end of him and of us. . . . He [Marlay] had much of the humor of Dean Swift. Upon one occasion when the footman was out of the way, he ordered the coachman to fetch some water from the well. The coachman objected, saying that 'It was his business to drive, and not run on errands.'—'Then bring the coach and four,' said he, 'and put the pitcher into it, and drive to the well:—a service which was performed many times to the great entertainment of the village. . . . Which would you rather pass a day with, Alexander, Cæsar, or Bonaparte? Cæsar, as I am much interested about his time. I would ask him (and here he enumerated many questions about his campaigns) what were the real characters of many of his contemporaries—and I would ask him, but I would not press the question (he might answer it or not as he pleased), what part he took in the Catiline conspiracy. . . . In travelling, I should like the lower orders of the people better than the middle ones, for my companions—I would rather be in a heavy coach than in one that carried four. . . . Of all men, if I could call up one, it should be Scipio Africanus. Hannibal was perhaps a greater Captain, but not so great and good a man. Epaminondas did not do so much. Themistocles was a rogue. . . . In modern times Washington, I believe, was the greatest man, and next to him, William the Third. . . . Burke was so fond of arbitrary power, he could not sleep upon his pillow, unless he thought the King had a right to take it from under him. . . . Stella used often to visit my aunt, and sleep with her in the same bed, and weep all night. She was not very handsome. Miss V—was handsome. . . . Milton I like best of them all. He is much more poetical than Shakspeare; and if anybody would be a public speaker, let him study his prose and his poetry—his prose is often an admirable model for the majestic style of speaking. . . . To be a good shot is useful. It makes a brave man braver, a timid man half-brave; and all men are born cowards. But it makes a bad man worse than it found him—a bully."

From Porson, we take these brief examples of table-talk:—

"Had I a carriage, and did I see a well-dressed person on the road, I would always invite him in, and learn of him what I could. . . . Lewis XIV. was the son of Anne of Austria by Cardinal Richelieu. The man in the iron mask was Anne's eldest son—I have no

doubt of it. . . . Two parties must consent to the publication of a book, the Public as well as the Author. . . . Mr. Pitt conceives his sentences before he utters them. Mr. Fox throws himself into the middle of his, and leaves it to God Almighty to get him out again. . . . When Prometheus made man, he had used up all the water in making other animals; so he mingled his clay with tears. . . . Of Mackintosh: He means to get Interest for his Principal. . . . Of Sheridan: He is a promising fellow. . . . All wit true reasoning. . . . History of the Grand Hum in one hundred Volumes folio. . . . I love an octavo; the pages are soon read—the milestones occur frequently. . . . If I had 3,000 Per Ann.; I would have a person constantly dressed, night and day, with fire and candle to attend upon me. (He is an uncertain sleeper.) . . . I had lived long before I dis-

covered that Wit was Truth. . . . Wit is in general the finest sense in the World. . . . We all speak in metaphors. Those who appear not to do it, only use those which are worn out, and are overlooked as metaphors. The original fellow is therefore regarded as only witty; and the dull are consulted as the wise."

It would be unfair to draw further on this little volume. We have indicated and proved its worth. Its fault, if this be a fault, is that it is all essence—requiring, therefore, some slight knowledge and imagination in the reader for its full relish. No one will hereafter write of the celebrated men alluded to in these pages without having a perfect mastery of Rogers' "Recollections."

NOBLE GENEROSITY OF A CHINESE MERCHANT.—I think it very probable you may meet our friend C— at Tellicherry or Cochin, in one of the Portuguese ships from Macao, which generally arrive about this time. You have heard of his late misfortunes; but it is possible you may not know by what means his affairs are likely to be retrieved. You, who were formerly so well acquainted with this worthy man in India, know that he afterwards resided many years highly respected at Canton and Macao; where a sudden reverse of fortune lately reduced him from a state of affluence to the greatest necessity. A Chinese merchant, to whom he had formerly rendered service, gratefully offered him an immediate loan of ten thousand dollars, which the gentleman accepted, and gave his bond for the amount; this the Chinese immediately throw into the fire, saying, "When you, my friend, first came to China, I was a poor man; you took me by the hand, and assisting my honest endeavors, made me rich. Our destiny is now reversed: I see you poor, while I am blessed with affluence." The by-standers had snatched the bond from the flames; the gentleman, sensibly affected by such generosity, pressed his Chinese friend to take the security, which he did, and then effectually destroyed it. The disciple of Confucius, beholding the renewed distress it occasioned, said he would accept of his watch, or any little valuable as a memorial of their friendship. The gentleman immediately presented his watch; and the Chinese, in return, gave him an old iron seal, saying, "Take this seal; it is one I have long used, and possesses no intrinsic value: but as you are going to India to look after your outstanding concerns, should fortune further persecute you, draw upon me for any sum of money you may stand in need of, seal it with this signet, sign it with your own hand, and I will pay the money."—*Forbes*, vol. 4, p. 242.

THE FALLEN FORTUNES OF THE GREAT CITY OF AGRA.—The country through which we travelled for several days past has presented a melancholy picture, occasioned by a dreadful famine, which had sadly diminished the population, and left the survivors in a state of misery. At Gwalier the whole suburbs were strewn with skeletons; and from thence to Agra the villages were generally uninhabited, and the land became a wilderness from want of cultivation; but our arrival at Agra presented a scene lamentable beyond conception.

The gloom of the morning veiled the suburbs in a great measure from our observation, and we entered the gates of Agra, or Akberabad, with the early dawn; and proceeding through the quarter called Montazabad, beheld on all sides the most melancholy objects of fallen grandeur, mosques, palaces, gardens, caravansaries, and mausoleums, mingled in one general ruin.

Agra had been the frequent subject of our conversation, we had anticipated much novelty, and expected every comfort at the close of our fatiguing journey; instead of the spacious squares and frequented streets of a great capital, it was with difficulty and danger we kept our horses on their feet amidst the magnificent, but terrible mass of ruin. Few persons can have an idea of the painful sensations excited by such a view of this once celebrated city, for few have the opportunity of contemplating an object so deplorable! In the midst of this chaotic heap of desolation, our attention was suddenly roused by a stupendous fabric bursting on our view, in complete repair and resplendent beauty—a splendid structure, with domes and minarets of the purest white, surmounting the dark umbrage of rich surrounding groves, produced in such a situation a most extraordinary effect.—*Forbes*, vol. 4, p. 36.

From Bentley's Quarterly Review.
FRANCE.

La Revue des Deux Mondes, etc. Paris.
1859.

FRANCE, sometimes the object of servile admiration, sometimes of aversion and terror, but always of profound interest to the rest of Europe, is now regarded chiefly with sentiments of mingled wonder and solicitude. At all times imperfectly understood by the people of England, she is now become an enigma impossible to explain, and her political course is less to be predicted or accounted for than that of winds and waves. In this state of darkness on a subject confessedly so important to the tranquillity of the world, the smallest gleam of light may be of value. We do not apologize, therefore, for the somewhat desultory matter which we now throw before our readers. Much of it is the result of observations made on the spot, and bears marks of its origin; some has been suggested by more recent events, and by longer reflection on their causes. To understand these we must travel back over the long and difficult road of French history;—a task which, even were we competent to it, could not be attempted here. We must, however, indicate a few of the facts without which it is impossible to give any explanation of the present astonishing condition of so great a nation.

From the earliest dawn of the French monarchy, France has played a greater part, and exercised a greater influence in Europe than any other country. There were, indeed, periods during which Italy far excelled her in arts and in courtesies, and Spain in arms and in distant conquests; but the influence of these countries was comparatively transient and limited. The central position of France, the character of her population and language—in which, though the Roman element predominated, there was sufficient admixture of the Germanic to facilitate their intercourse with the nations of either race—gave to France a superiority which no other country ever possessed. Many circumstances conspired with these natural and inherent advantages to raise this favored land to the highest pitch of glory and prosperity. A royal line of unmatched antiquity, and containing a remarkable proportion of men of ability and eminence; remains and traditions of Roman civilization, blended with the free spirit and institutions of the Franks; the early establishment of

schools of learning and science, and the copious and unbroken supply of renowned teachers and writers; the Germanic respect for women, combined with the grace and politeness of chivalry, and set off by courtly manners and a natural turn for gallantry; a country fertile, well watered, accessible to commerce; a climate suited to all the uses and enjoyments of man;—these are a few of the prerogatives of France. How could she fail to become the eye of Europe?

And, accordingly, that was her position up to the time when her fatal triumphs reached their climax, and the tastes and sentiments of the people, always leaning rather to the showy than the useful, become radically perverted by success. Dazzled by the magnificence of the court of Louis XIV., elated by the homage, voluntary and involuntary, paid to their political and social superiority by all Europe, the French people suffered the last feeble remnants of free institutions, or of legitimate and regular intervention in their own affairs, to be destroyed and effaced.

In every country the aristocracy (call it by what name you will) is naturally an object of envy and dislike to a considerable portion of the population; and can only hope to keep those feelings in check by proving, to the satisfaction of reasonable men, that it exercises important and beneficent functions in the state. Unhappily, the aristocracy of France, as a body, seems never to have had this conception of its position: indeed, if we look into the numerous and lively pictures which represent the interior of French society, we shall be convinced that, whatever were the *social* ties which bound together its different members—and among so amiable and social a people these could not be wanting—*political* ties between class and class there were none. They had never sought to establish such. The king occasionally courted the favor of the people, but only as an ally against the nobles; the nobles, even when in arms against the king and against each other, never seem to have conceived the idea of establishing their power on a broad and secure basis by an intimate and mutually beneficial alliance with the people; the *bourgeoisie*, despised and *froissée* by the nobles, detested those above them, and had no political sympathy with those below them. Politically, indeed, the *people* did not exist. Those who should have been their political leaders

contented themselves with being their military chiefs; and while nothing was done to cultivate among them the intelligence or the habits of political life, nothing to make them understand the duties, or aspire to the character of a Citizen, appeals were constantly made to their naturally irritable vanity and their admiration of force. Thus, looking back through the long vista of ages, we trace the origin of the political helplessness and the military ability which have been exhibited in such striking contrast in our own times.* In the innumerable records relating to the civil wars of France, we recollect but one slight suggestion of the expediency of introducing a popular element into the government. This occurs in the first sentence or two of the *Memoirs* of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld. Generally speaking, we meet with no indication of the kind. The people are mere instruments of the passions and the projects of the great. The noblesse of France was a tree dwarfing and overshadowing the humbler plants beneath it, and exhausting the soil, into which it sent no roots capable of sustaining it against the shock of the tempest.

And if this was the position of the nobles as towards the people, their relations to the monarch were no less perilous and unsatisfactory. While they obstinately refused to abate any of their most injurious and offensive pretensions in favor of the people, their blindness to their unstable and unsupported condition was fully equalled by that of the monarchs or their ministers; who, by depriving the nobility of local influence and national importance, left the throne bare of courageous and authoritative advisers, and of all substantive help or support. The aristocracy, obnoxious to the jealousy of the crown and the envy of the people, did nothing to defend its rights and its power against the encroachments of the former, or to justify its existence and its privileges in the eyes of the latter. Individuals among them exercised power; but, as a political body, they had ceased to exist, long before the terrible moment of political conflict; and the prestige of a long unbroken line of kings, the sentiment of loyalty and the habit of obedience, were all that remained

* We remember being struck with the answer of a French lady, to whom we expressed our amazement in '48, at seeing such a society as that of France allow itself to be completely overthrown and trampled under foot by a despicable mob. "Mes compatriotes ne sont bons à rien," said she, "qu'un fusil à la main."

to keep together the mighty fabric of the French monarchy. When, therefore, the throne was overthrown, the better and wiser part of the nation looked around in vain for a rallying point, and for leaders who might help them to save the country from desolation. Then was seen the utter helplessness of masses of unorganized individuals;—a spectacle which France has again and again exhibited to the eyes of astonished Europe,—which she exhibits at this moment. There were not wanting among the French nobility men of the highest and noblest qualities, men willing to make every conceivable sacrifice to their country. As individuals; they were respected and admired; but they had no organization, no habits of corporate action, no defined place and function in the State, no local authority, no legal power of calling around them bodies of men habituated to act with and under them, and to regard them as their natural leaders. And when the ruin was consummated and the task of reconstruction was to begin, we find again the noblest isolated examples of probity, public spirit, courage, humanity—every virtue that can adorn a patriot or save a country; but no power of uniting for useful purpose or of concerting practicable measures. Even the instinct of self-preservation failed to produce any attempt at a common defence; and this great, able, and brave people presented the astonishing spectacle of a sheepfold in which a few wolves are gorging themselves, unresisted, with blood.

As a nation, France was utterly helpless. As an army, she once more showed that her ability and her courage had not deserted her. She had found that, without which she was nothing, and could do nothing—military organization and a master. She breathed once more the intoxicating incense of glory, and she once more accepted that as a compensation for national prosperity and stable institutions. For awhile the national vanity and love of display to which her ruler made such constant and successful appeals, and for which he expressed in private such boundless contempt, reconciled her to all sacrifices,—even to that of the freedom she had paid so dearly and so vainly to obtain. The men who undertake the arduous and perilous task of reconstituting society in ruins are rarely those who sincerely desire to surround themselves with institutions which will serve as permanent limitations to their own power; and the men

upon whom that task has unhappily devolved in France, have been below the lowest average of human magnanimity and forbearance. A body strong enough to support the throne would also of necessity be strong enough to control it; and not only was this intolerable to a monarch like Louis XIV. (to whom the smallest question of his sole and illimitable power appeared blasphemy), but the military adventurer who rose upon the ruins of the ancient monarchy was even more intolerant of opposition, more arrogantly determined to extinguish every kind of authority that did not emanate from himself, than any monarch born to absolute sway. Thus the same political impotence, the same habit of looking from all points and on all emergencies to the centre, as the sole source of political life and force, which had prevailed before the Revolution, was perpetuated, nay, increased, after it. Even the faint shadow of aristocracy which had survived the force and fraud of Richelieu, and the overwhelming personal influence and dazzling corruption of Louis XIV. had vanished; and between the absolute ruler and the people there remained nothing—not even a voice. Restrained by no authorized warning, and by no legal check, the soldier to whom France had given herself exhausted her wealth, her blood, and at length her patience; and fell, first rendered giddy, and then overwhelmed by the weight of uncontrolled power and undivided responsibility.

The state of the public mind in France at this period is described by M. Guizot, in his "Mémoires," with an eloquence only surpassed by its truth.* In contemplating that picture, we see that Napoleon had neither the ability nor the desire to rear or to consolidate a lasting social fabric.† It may, indeed, well be doubted whether that is a work which one man, or even one generation of men, can ever accomplish; but even the first groundwork of it cannot be laid without a breadth and elevation of mind, a depth and variety of knowledge, a self-abnegation and a zeal for mankind, which so profound an egotist was incapable of even surmising.

* Vide pp. 24, *et seq.* vol. i.

† "Si un jour on pouvait se dire, Voilà un ordre de choses stable et tranquille, voilà un successeur désigné qui le maintiendra; Bonaparte peut mourir, il n'y a ni trouble ni innovation à craindre—mon frère ne se croirait plus en sûreté."

This was said by Joseph Bonaparte to Count Miot de Méliito in 1802. Vide *Mémoires*, etc., vol. ii., p. 49.

When the imperial pageant disappeared, the restored monarchy, which hoped to find some vestiges of the oldest throne and the most illustrious aristocracy of Europe, on which to rebuild its new sovereignty, found nothing but scattered ruins. The cement that had bound them was utterly gone. The monarchy had no longer the smallest hold on the reverence of the people. The nobles, who had never understood the duties or the interests of an aristocracy, were not likely to be able to conceive or to seize the place in the State which they had lost by their suicidal feuds and their heartless indifference to the people.

By all reflecting and far-sighted men the restored monarchy was hailed with joy. Not that it did not contain many elements of difficulty and danger, or that it approached perfection in any respect; but they felt that an hereditary throne, based on constitutional guarantees, was a foundation on which a structure admitting of indefinite extension and improvement might be gradually erected. Time would remove many obstacles, perseverance more, and free discussion would gradually throw light upon all dark and defective points. But besides that it had the radical and incurable vice of being imposed by foreign conquerors, there was nothing in the restored government to win the affections or seduce the imagination of an excitable and unreflecting people. Strictly speaking, the French had, and have, no public *affections*, but Napoleon had powerfully acted on their imaginations; and now that the country began to breathe again after her long exhaustion, and to recover a little from the wounds he had inflicted on her, his memory was evoked as a continual insult and menace to the government hardly struggling into life.

Among a people so intensely *frondeur* as the French, the sling will never be long unarmed. Every thing, good or bad, becomes a missile to hurl at the head of authority or of eminence. It was therefore to be expected that men would be found eager to devote their talents to the task of rendering the establishment of a stable government impossible. It must be acknowledged that their efforts were, both then and later, crowned with unexampled success. Some have made history subservient to the purpose of glorifying reckless and remorseless ambition; some have tried to mislead a vain and ignorant

people on the causes of national prosperity, the true and rational ends of government, and the healthy relations of countries to each other. Some have employed the powerful engines of wit and imagination, the seductions of eloquence, the charms of music and of verse, to diffuse among the people the most pestilent sentiments that it is possible to excite. Fortune, so often cruel to France, gave her at once a Charles X. and a Béranger. The mischief done by the bigotry and incapacity of the one was, however, brief and remediable compared to that done by the other. We have never been able to understand how persons who pretend to political knowledge or political principle, could admire a man who used the most remarkable power of acting on the popular mind, in ceaseless endeavors to bring them into contempt. In the verses inspired by this disastrous talent, the true welfare and honor of nations is treated with ignorant scorn. Force is the sole object of respect; and a tyranny raised on the ruins of all social distinctions and independent powers is preposterously called liberty. The seed, which Béranger sowed with so skilful and unsparing a hand, fell on a soil well prepared to receive it. The French people have no political attachments. "On n'a de l'attachement pour personne en France," was the sad reply of one of her most able and patriotic citizens, to our inquiry, whether there were any man around whom the people would rally in times of trouble. There is none of that feeling which leads a reasonable and grateful people to regard the failings or faults of its eminent and faithful servants with tenderness. No genius, wisdom, or virtue, no length or splendor of service, can secure those in authority from the sneers, the suspicions, and the calumnies of a people who regard authority as a usurpation and a wrong. So long as that authority is strong and severe enough to inspire terror, it is safe; but no longer. Why does the nation which affected to find the corruptions of the government of Louis Philippe intolerable submit quietly to the thousand-fold grosser corruptions of that of Louis Napoleon? Simply because the mild and pacific character of the former sovereign robbed the supreme power of that element of terror without which it seems that it cannot be respected in France.

The mixture of insubordination towards regular and mild authority, and of submission

to brutal tyranny, is, unhappily, no new characteristic of the French people.

"Nous donnons un nouvel exemple," says Mirabeau, "de sette aveugle et mobile inconsideration qui nous a conduit d'age en age à toutes les crises qui nous ont successivement affligés. Il semble que nos yeux ne puissent être désillés, et que nous ayons résolu d'être, jusqu'à la consommation des siècles, des enfants quelquefois mutins et toujours esclaves."

But it is needless to insist on a fact obvious to all the world, and reluctantly admitted by the truest and most faithful lovers of their country. The really important question is, whether the disease is incurable, and if so, in what is it likely to result.

After the fall of the restored monarchy, it was succeeded by a fresh modification of constitutional government, which, with a moderate share of prudence and forbearance on the part of the people, might have gradually assumed a form suited to the age and the nation in which it was to exist. But so far from recognizing the duty and necessity of guarding with care institutions round which it was once more possible to rally; of preserving the framework of a constitution—patiently but firmly remedying its defects, and supplying its inevitable deficiencies—the incurably *frondeur* spirit of the French again set to work to render the government odious and ridiculous. Instead of organizing a serious and legitimate opposition, which might have defended all that was valuable in the monarchy, while it controlled the errors and encroachments of the monarch, the overthrow of the actual holders of power, at whatever price, seemed to be the one thing aimed at; and it became obvious that, however noble and patriotic the intentions of individuals, there was no considerable body of men in the country who had any settled purpose of defending constitutional monarchy as an institution, without reference to the actual monarch. Every thing, as heretofore, turned on the qualities or the faults of individuals.

Much has been said about the faults and errors of the king and his illustrious minister, to which the Revolution of 1848 is ascribed. We are far from supposing them faultless or unerring. The king relied on his own personal influence and exertions, and on the consciousness of his good intentions, rather than on institutions;* but in this he only shared

* Since writing the above, we have seen, as our readers probably have, the remarkable private

the general sentiment and habit of the country. M. Guizot exhibited, perhaps, too great a mistrust of the qualities and talents of the French people for self-government; and probably had no great hope of good to result from extending that power among a people so excitable, so credulous, and so utterly disinclined to work steadily and consistently for public objects. If there are any who now think he was mistaken, and that he underrated the employment which the mass of his countrymen were likely to make of political power, the opinion of such judges need hardly disturb the lofty and cheerful serenity which is the appropriate reward of a life spent in efforts to serve mankind, and especially his country. M. Guizot does not lose "heart or hope," even for France; much less can he despair of justice to himself. Not, assuredly, that he would claim for himself, any more than we would claim for him, exemption from errors; but posterity will measure these against his services and his virtues, and against the errors of his more fortunate contemporaries; and will pronounce a verdict which his friends can anticipate with as much satisfaction as confidence.

It is, however, our firm conviction that whatever faults were committed by Louis Philippe or his government they did not cause, though they perhaps precipitated, the Revolution of 1848. No sovereign and no ministry that has existed in England in our time, or in any time, could have withstood the incessant assaults and the unfair sap to which that government was exposed; combined with the total want of respect, sympathy, and support from the class most interested in its permanence. The indifference or ill-will of the mass would not have brought about the miserable catastrophe we have witnessed, had not the middle classes shown themselves

letter written by Louis Philippe to his nephew, the Grand Duke of Tuscany (vide *Times*, April 20): Nothing that has been said or written in defence of the unfortunate king seems to us so persuasive as the humanity and *bonhomie* which breathe through this letter. There is something very affecting in the naive and undoubting manner in which he congratulates himself on his success in conciliating his subjects, and establishing constitutional government, after seventeen years of labor for the welfare of France. This letter goes far to explain his conduct in 1848. He was evidently entirely unprepared for the abyss which opened under his feet. When we read his kindly and hopeful expressions we feel that he *must* have been stricken to the heart, and cease to wonder that he made no attempt to save his throne, or France.

equally stupid and malignant as the lower. They beheld all these attacks on the throne they had established (and which was their only safeguard) not only with indifference, but with a sort of malicious delight which it was frightful and exasperating to contemplate. Nobody who lived through the years 1846-7 at Paris and in Parisian society can recollect without a sort of shudder the sinister omens with which the very air seemed filled. To Englishmen, accustomed to the vehemence of political discussion and the unfairness of party warfare, there was nothing new or alarming in the debates in the Chambers, violent and unfair as they were. It did, indeed, excite some surprise and much regret, to hear men eminent for talent, high in social position, and destined, as one thought, for better things, *exploiter* such a miserable affair as the "Indemnité Pritchard," and stir up all the smouldering embers of national irritability and hate in order to unseat or damage a great rival. We say this in no spirit of self-exaltation. We have of late had too many disgraceful exhibitions of the same kind, to leave us the smallest right to speak of the conduct of public men in England as superior to that of their neighbors. But what struck us was, the state of the public mind beyond the regions of political life:—an *acharnement* against the government without reason, measure, or purpose, "the malignant credulity" which is one of the precursor symptoms of revolutions, carried to a pitch that seemed to level all the barriers between the improbable and the impossible. Provided it was but *bad enough*, and directed against certain persons, any thing, however incoherent, was greedily listened to and believed. Tragical events or terrible crimes, wholly unconnected with political causes, such as occur in all ages and under all governments, were, with incredible promptitude and ingenuity, made in some way or other to emanate from the government; and a royal house remarkable for its good morals, *bonhomie*, and family affection, was covered with the venom of foul and ruthless tongues. All classes seemed to join in this malignant gossip, the object of which was, in the last resort, the king and the government.

But perhaps the most striking of these dark presages was, the effect produced by M. de Lamartine's "Histoire des Girondins." Nobody who lived in the society of Paris at that moment can forget it. In every salon the

same subject was discussed—in every one, with the same passion—exultation on the one side, consternation on the other. The ghosts of the "Terror" arose, mournful or menacing, before the eyes of those who had lived through that period, or had heard its frightful details from their fathers. In the midst of the loudest expressions of admiration some voice ever arose which sounded like an awful warning. In one salon it was a woman of illustrious name and descent who burst into tears as the fate of her parents was recalled to her; in another, an aged nobleman, who covered his face with his hands, and, shuddering exclaimed, "*Messieurs, je vous prie de vous rappeler que j'ai vu tout cela.*" Never shall we forget the look of consternation and disquiet which overclouded every face at that action and at those words; nor the dead silence that followed. Nor did imagination only pander to the passions of the mob. Even science descended from her pure and lofty sphere to the same foul ministry. We went to hear M. Arago pronounce the Eloge of Bailly, in the hope of learning what were the services rendered to science by that eminent and ill-fated man. What we did hear was, a series of claptrap appeals to the political antipathies of his audience; and cruel, unmanly, unjust sneers at that noble queen and most unhappy woman, whose horrible fate is the opprobrium of France.

These were the shades that men of genius and of science loved to evoke; these the long-buried fires which they sought to rekindle. It is impossible for any one who did not live in the midst of the gathering storm to imagine how many such influences were at work in all directions. We heard, with amazement and dread, adherents of legitimacy, elegant and disdainful ladies, rejoicing at the defeat of the ministry which was the one barrier (as they found to their cost) between them and the mob. With still greater amazement, and still more gloomy forebodings, we heard shopkeepers (men who have shown themselves incapable of learning from the most terrible experience) talk with their usual levity, of "giving a lesson" to the king and the government.

In the midst of this violent, but vague and purposeless ferment, two sets of agitators were principally to be distinguished; those who knew what they were about and those who did not. Among the latter, were to be

classed the leading members of the opposition, several of them among the foremost men of France in science and literature, eager to occupy the first posts in the State, and the first places in the public eye; utterly incapable, as the event proved, of estimating the difficulties of the situation, or the dangers which they themselves provoked. The last thing which these men could have desired was the domination of the masses, led by a man of their own choosing; and hence certain to represent the envy of superiorities (especially the two superiorities which are unattainable by labor or by money—birth and genius), the low prejudices and passions and the adoration of brute force which are among the motive powers in all revolutions, but which act with peculiar intensity in France. These men have discovered too late what it is to set them in motion. To say they did not design the mischiefs they brought about, is to repeat the *banale* apology of that presumptuous, uncalculating recklessness which is among the most disastrous of qualities in men who have any thing to do with public interests.

The other party perfectly understood what they would have—it was Revolution. The more honest and the least clear-sighted among them aimed at a well-regulated republic—the yet undissipated dream of that class of politicians who have never yet effected any thing but the destruction which they did not intend. The lawless and desperate—the only successful calculators—aimed at the confusion which is their element, and in which they find the gratification of all their strongest passions—vanity, envy, rapacity, and ambition.

In speculating on the past and the future of France, we cannot help involuntarily applying them with profound thankfulness, or with equally profound anxiety, to the past and the future of England. Both for this reason, and because it concerns us to understand those on whom our tranquillity so greatly depends, we would fain try to discover what are the peculiarities in the French character which have led France to the perplexed and troubled state in which we see her, and to affect materially the probability of her emerging from it.

What then, we would ask, are the chances that France, after all the storms she has encountered—or rather raised—will arrive at that condition of stability and order, and to that qualified contentment on the part of the

people, which is all that is consistent with the imperfection of human things? And if, as we fear, no man in France, or elsewhere, will be found bold enough to hazard an answer to this question, What are the causes that render the future of this splendid and powerful country so dim and doubtful? Why, as soon as the tempest has spent its rage, do fresh thunder-clouds gather on the horizon, so that the atmosphere is constantly charged with oppressive vapors, and the hearts of men are disquieted with fears of new calamities? To this latter question the reply is, we think, not impossible, but long and complex, and, if convincing, is far from consolatory.

To hear "Enlightened Liberals" talk, you would think that government was the easiest thing in the world; that it was, at the best, a necessary evil; and the only serious question, how to have as little of it as possible. The masses, who feel the restraints and the burdens of government, and who forget, or never perceive, that they owe to it every thing that raises human life above a daily and deadly fight for bare sustenance, are willing enough to be convinced by these representations. It can never be too often repeated, that to establish a durable form of government is a work requiring much time, much wisdom, much forbearance; together with the aid of every thing that can act on the sentiments of unreasoning men. When all these have been long in operation, habit is superadded; and by the combined forces of reason, sentiment, and habit, governments are gradually and tranquilly accommodated to the changes in human society and the growing demands of civilization. It is manifest, however, that for this true political life of a nation, as for family life, compromises must incessantly be made; different functions must be allotted or conceded to different classes; pretensions, and, above all, the most absurd of pretensions—that to equality—must give place to considerations of general and permanent utility; the relative value of things must be weighed; the possible must be steadily kept in view, and chimeras banished from political discussions and projects. These are a few of the conditions indispensable to stable and tranquil government. How many of these are or have been fulfilled by the State and people of France? The answer is not encouraging.

In no civilized country is political and economical knowledge less diffused among

the people—even among the middle classes. The often misapplied sentence of Bacon, "Knowledge is power," might, with greater utility, be parodied, "Knowledge is safety." The gross mistakes and absurd illusions to which ignorance lays men open are pregnant with danger; and on no subject is the danger of such magnitude, as on the causes which govern the welfare of nations. When we see that even in England, where political and economical knowledge is far more widely diffused than in any other, there are men who have sufficient confidence in the ignorance of the masses, to tell them, that evils clearly arising from causes over which governments have no control (causes perhaps within the control of the very classes addressed), are to be imputed to the selfishness, rapacity, and cruelty of the class to which the business of government is intrusted; when we see these malignant misrepresentations accepted by crowds of dupes, how can we wonder that they are greedily adopted by the far more ignorant population of France? But this is not all. The English people are accustomed to look to a long discussion of their grievances, as the condition antecedent to their removal, and have confidence in the ultimate triumph of truth. There is no such sentiment in the French people. They have no confidence in any thing but the strong arm. How often did we hear it said of the Chambers, "*Ce ne sont que des bavards*;" "*Il s'en font que de bavarder!*" and other expressions of ignorant impatience at hearing both sides of a question. This is partly to be expected and allowed for in any country unused to the tediousness and apparent inanity of the greater portion of parliamentary harangues; yet the examples of Belgium and Sardinia* (not to mention some German States) show that all peoples have not the same intolerance of discussion or contempt of argument; nor the same habit of recurring to force as the only efficacious remedy for political and social evils. What makes the matter nearly hopeless is, the small degree of sympathy which the mass of the French nation has shown with the crushed and fettered press. Whether the public mind is beginning to awaken to this calamity we know not: shortly after the *coup d'état* we could get no reply from shopkeepers,

* This sentence was written before Sardinia had bartered her constitutional liberties for an ambitious dream.

manufacturers, and small proprietors in the provinces, but, "Cela regarde Messieurs les hommes de lettres à Paris;" and generally followed by, "Ils ont trop abusé de la presse; ils ont fait beaucoup de mal;"—undeniable truths, and well worthy the attention of all who are inclined to abuse so mighty an instrument. A free press is, we fear, regarded by a large proportion of the middle and trading classes in France as a dangerous solvent or irritant of society, and incompatible with peace and order.

We should hardly believe how profoundly the minds even of men who might be supposed to have some idea of the structure of political society may be perverted, did we not reflect on the tendency of a succession of revolutionary governments to bring back the reign of chance and force. We remember a conversation which struck us powerfully as illustrating this deplorable deterioration of opinion. It turned on the present régime and ruler of France. An Englishman observed that whatever advantages they might offer, security and permanence were not among them;—"for," said he, "if the emperor were to die or to be deposed, what then?" "Oh! on en choisirait un autre!" was the reply; given with the utmost confidence and complacency; evidently without the smallest idea that what the speaker proposed was nothing less than a return to the rude expedients of the most barbarous times, the confusion, anarchy, and violence produced by which had been slowly superseded, through the travail of ages, by the recognition of hereditary rights and stable institutions. These latest and highest products of civilization he spoke of as utterly rejected by France, adding, "Tout ce qui se présente avec un titre à la main est odieux aux Français." It might be supposed that the man who enounced this astounding disposition of his countrymen was a leader or an associate of "Rouges," or of those whose professed object it is to overturn society. No such thing. He was a clever, thriving, and respectable manufacturer, a man of some scientific acquirements, and of considerable quickness; he had, in short, all the interests and capacities that generally incline men to see the frightful perils of a state of public opinion in which every sort of claim or prescription (*titre*) is an object of hostility and hatred; in which nothing is removed out of the domain of competition and struggle,

or of chance, and society becomes the scene of a perpetual scramble for all things. We know how little value is generally to be attached to the expressions of individuals; but considering the character and position of the person in question, which had nothing in them exceptional or extravagant, we have always regarded this as one of the most melancholy symptoms of the national disease that have come in our way. If such are the sentiments of men who enjoy all the benefits of civil society, all the protection which rights ("*titres*") give to the property they acquire, what is to be expected from those whose obligations to law and government are, though not less real, so far less obvious? The envious determination to recognize no legitimate claims, no established superiorities, is perfectly compatible with abject submission to despotism, provided only that the despot be the creature of popular caprice. The same prosperous and democratic manufacturer said, in answer to some remarks on the ignoble yoke under which France had fallen, "Je vous assure que le gouvernement ne me gêne pas;" and turning to a fellow-countryman, he said, "Trouvez-vous qu'il vous gêne?" The gentleman appealed to said nothing.

The hatred of prescriptive rights is but a branch of the hatred of all superiorities, born of vanity and envy. One fruit of it is the spirit of insubordination which we continually heard complained of as extending through all classes, and rendering the unequal relations of life (and how many of these are equal?) a series of conflicts. We are far from affirming that this is peculiar to France. America is, as we know, conspicuous for it; but there, as from the peculiar economical condition of the country, independence is far more easily acquired, insubordination loses much of its hostile spirit. It is rather grotesque than rancorous. In England it is growing, and will no doubt continue to grow, fostered by numerous social phenomena, which this is not the place to inquire into. But it will probably be long before it assumes the same proportions as in France. There are few of us who do not acknowledge superiors, or to whom that acknowledgment causes any very severe mortification. Great pains are now taken by the false friends of the people to instil into their hearts the corrosive poison of envy, which Mr. J. S. Mill justly calls

"that most anti-social and odious of all passions,"—as yet, we believe, with small success. But in France we do not see what is to prevent its eating away the very vitals of society. It is a French writer who says that "a characteristic feature of Frenchmen is, never to think themselves high enough, until they have brought down others to the lowest level they can." To a man with these sentiments every superior, in whatever sense, is an enemy and a wrong-doer. We remember a young man respectably born, highly educated, accomplished, good-looking—laboring under none of the disadvantages which provoke envy, telling a lady whose salon he had frequented with *empressement*, that he could not come any more. Why? what was the matter? "It was so unpleasant to meet two or three young Austrians of high rank" (who happened to be then in Paris, and were among the guests). "Why? what had they done?" "Oh, nothing; they were perfectly well-behaved, but he could not endure the presence of men of superior birth." "Why," said the lady, "do you not, then, hate any man who is taller than yourself, or handsomer?" "Pour plus grand, celà ne me fait rien," replied he, "mais plus beau—oui—c'est un tort qu'il me fait." This sounds like a caricature, or a burlesque; but the latter words express, we are convinced, a sentiment very common in France. Any advantage possessed by our neighbor is, in this view, a *tort* done to ourselves. And indeed the demand for equality, pushed to its legitimate consequences, ends in that.

The relation between master and servant, or master and workman, becomes one of incessant struggle to maintain authority on the one hand, to resist it on the other. We asked a very fashionable and thriving ladies' shoemaker near the Madeleine why he employed only German workmen. He said, "C'est tout simple, they will do what you bid them. I have worked among French journeymen myself, and I know that they regard obedience to orders as a sort of servility." Some German friends of ours received a similar answer at one of the greatest hotels in Paris. They observed that they were attended entirely by Germans, and signified to the master that this was unnecessary, as they were all perfectly familiar with French. He replied that he had only German waiters in his house; that he found they would do

what they were told, and that it was vain to expect this from Frenchmen. We heard, on more than one occasion, expressions of the bitterest discontent from female servants at being "*née pour servir*." The word "servant" is resented as a deadly insult; and an English lady who innocently used it was told, in our hearing, "*Qu'il n'y a pas de servante en France; que ce nom est bon pour les Anglaises, qui sont esclaves*." With revolt in their hearts, they seem to find some alleviation for the inequality of condition to which necessity compels them to submit, in insolence and familiarity. Let us not be supposed so heartless and tasteless as to object to the engaging familiarity of a faithful, good-natured French servant; or to wish to exchange it for the impenetrable reserve and indifference which generally characterize the English of that class. The cordiality and *bonne grâce* which give a charm to upright actions were among the acknowledged distinctions of the French people. They are now become rare, and can hardly be expected to survive a state of feeling which tends to convert society from well-ordered and decorous procession, into a chaotic and struggling crowd, where each man tries to trample down the one before him. The rude and aggressive familiarity we speak of is the child not of love but of hate. It is an attempt to humiliate a superior. Sometimes one still meets with examples of a pleasant naïve familiarity which are amusing enough. We may give one from our own observation. A friend of ours, living near the Madeleine, was invited to dine in the Champs Elysées, and the hostess' carriage was to fetch her. At the hour appointed she was ready. After waiting some time under the uneasy consciousness of being too late, she sent down her *femme de chambre* to order the porter to get a "*remise*" instantly. As the man went out at the gate, he saw a carriage standing quietly near the house, and on inquiry found it was the one expected. The lady, on being told, ran down and jumped into it, saying to the coachmen, "*Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas fait annoncer la voiture?*" "Mais, madame," said he, smiling, "*je vous ai vu à la fenêtre, et je vous ai fait une signe de tête*." This was said with an air of good-natured reproach for not coming when he beckoned. This pleasant little illustration of the taste for *égalité* and *fraternité* occurred on the memorable 21st of February, 1848;

the day on which men were busied, at no great distance, in making the preparations for the "banquet" which was to take place on the following day. As the party left the Champs Elysées, they remarked with satisfaction that the night was gloomy and inclement. The owner of the carriage let down the window for a moment, and said, as the wind and sleet drove in his face, "Ah! pourvu que cela dure!"

We have dwelt on some of the peculiar features of French society which seem to us impediments in the way of the establishment of internal strength, order, and confidence. Among these is one, perhaps the most pregnant with evil of any—the tone and character of modern French literature. It is, however, a subject requiring a degree of examination which it would be impossible to attempt here; we prefer, therefore, to leave it untouched. Another which suggests itself is the mischievous predominance of Paris. It is upon the most excitable, the most immobile, the most corrupt part of the population of France that the tranquillity and well-being of the whole country depend. This alarming fact is neither unknown nor agreeable to the provincials; but they do not seem to have the moral strength or courage to put themselves in an attitude of resistance and self-assertion. There is no end to the contempt of Paris for the provinces, and no end to the submission and humility with which the provincials receive it; the most intelligent and well-informed among them is cowed by it. We saw a striking example of this no further from the capital than Normandy. We met an exceedingly respectable and intelligent man, holding a post under government of great local importance, and were hearing from him with interest and satisfaction those details concerning the condition and habits of the people which few Frenchmen are able to give, when a young Parisian came in. We could discern no other merit in him whatever, than that he *was* a Parisian; but this was apparently sufficient entirely to overawe and suppress the well-informed Norman, who had nothing to set against Parisian coxcombry and *suffisance* but good sense, practical ability, and sound knowledge on subjects the most important to the well-being of mankind. He was wholly ignorant of the small talk and jargon of the salons of Paris, and he not only held his tongue, but seemed to regard the shallow

metropolitan with a deference that quite provoked us. Many such signs of conscious inferiority we have seen. Immediately after the Revolution of '48, it is true, the provinces, ashamed and indignant at having allowed Paris to impose upon them a government they detested, threatened to shake off the yoke of the capital, and to try to think and act for themselves. We remember hearing this sentiment loudly expressed at Amiens, where the very name of republic was held in execration. But we see no reason to think that the provinces have made any advance towards independence of thought or action.

And, indeed, how should they? Who is to begin? Evidently such a movement must have leaders; and Frenchmen will not bear leaders. Who could venture to attempt to play the part of our county magnates? Even if the class of men out of which they arise existed, it would be as hateful to the mass of the people, and to the *bourgeoisie* generally, as the corresponding class in England is to Mr. Bright, and for very similar reasons.

The great manufacturing towns, even if they had the requisite intelligence and courage, are too few and far between in the vast territory of France, to have any joint influence. The small provincial towns vegetate in a state of intellectual penury, of which there is no example in England or in Germany. Our own experience of the resources of a town of five thousand or six thousand people, on a high road between two large cities, and not very far from Paris, would not be believed, if we had space for it. A French gentleman well acquainted with the town of Agen, the chef-lieu of a department, the population of which is about double the one just alluded to, has described to us the intellectual stagnation of that place, the entire absence of all the pursuits and occupations which people find, or make, in an English town, as so *désespérant*, that people are fain to have recourse to cards in a morning. Of course there must be intelligent people among them; but what can individuals do, in a society which offers no field for their exertions, and no bodies with which to act? Certainly the innumerable "societies" and "associations" in England border on the ridiculous; and some of them occupy themselves more than is agreeable with the temporal and eternal welfare of their neighbors. But to regard their utility as confined to their specific objects, is to take a very

superficial view of the case. The fact, that we know how to combine, how to lead, and *how to follow*, is one, the importance of which can never be appreciated without a full knowledge of the political incapacity and helplessness of peoples who have not been able to acquire the habit of prompt and spontaneous organization. Such combinations as are daily made in England for purposes of public utility, are impossible in France. A few years since, a lamented friend of ours, struck with the reports of the London Baths and Wash-houses, used infinite exertions to get up something of the same kind in Paris, by private means and under private management. After a great deal of discussion, it was decided that it was a matter which concerned the public, and therefore the duty of providing it belonged to "the State." It is easy to see that if such a feeling of incapacity to combine for public business of so very simple and limited a kind, and such an absolute reliance on the central authority, are suffered to pervade the whole region of internal political life, you have at once before you a society which cannot defend itself, and must submit without a struggle to force, from whatever side force may come;—whether from a despot and his instrument, a standing army, or from a despot and his associates, a mob. It is this which fills us with doubt and anxiety for the future of France. Who are to be the auxiliaries of government? for no government can stand without auxiliaries. Are they still to be the army and the mob? or are they to be the classes who have the greatest interest in good government, the greatest intelligence of the duties and powers of government, and, above all, the political sense and political habits which are the long-inherited and most precious birthright of Englishmen? Supposing a kind Heaven to grant to the prayers of Frenchmen who love their country a government and a sovereign worthy of France, will the people understand their good fortune? Will they attach themselves to institutions, if they cannot to men? Will they for once forego the dear delight of pulling down?

These are the questions that arise, dark and doubtful, before the minds of those who care for France. If, indeed, the evil spirits which have so long inspired her continue to reign; if the French people find all concession intolerable; if they can endure no social or moral authority, and can submit only to

force; if the most degrading oppression from a despotic ruler is more willingly borne than the smallest superiority of a neighbor; then indeed we know not where to look for help, or what hand can be strong enough to save them from themselves. From the time that the only power in human affairs is that of numbers, it is easy to see that every kind of intellectual superiority will be crushed under the iron and implacable *amour propre* of conscious inferiority.

"Les particuliers, laïques et clergé," says a distinguished champion of free thought, speaking of universal suffrage, "s'y amoindriront; l'état s'y affaiblira, comme eux; et la société, si ce régime devait durer quelque temps pour elle, serait un jour profondément étonnée de l'inconcevable diminution de ses forces intellectuelles."^{*}

It was the purely democratic character of the Revolution of '48 that rendered it at once so disgusting and so formidable. The total absence of a cause and leaders whom any man who had the slightest self-respect could recognize, and the obvious subjection of the higher culture and better sentiments of the nation to all that was lowest in it, distinguished this from every other revolution on record; which, in the commencement, at least, has been brought about under great names and lofty pretensions. The spirit of the country had been broken by repeated failure and disappointment; every standard round which high-minded men could have rallied had been overthrown and dispersed, and they stood isolated and helpless, and could only (as we heard one of them say) "courber la tête" before the storm. "Hélas!" says M. de Chateaubriand, "nous avons passé à travers trop de despotismes différents: nos caractères, domptés par une suite de maux et d'oppressions, n'avaient plus d'énergie."

At the moment when France, wearied and subdued by anarchy, accepted the imperial yoke, M. de Méliot makes the following remarks:—

"Ainsi," "se terminait sous un régime im-

^{*} In 1853, we met at the house of a friend in the provinces one of the former Deputies for the department of _____, where he then lived and where his father had lived before him. At that time he said the Legitimists were losing ground less than before '48. Being asked, who gained what they lost, he replied, "The Socialists. If universal suffrage continues, the country is lost." He related two cases in which whole bands of voters went over in a moment, in consequence of the exhortations of one or two Socialists.

périal une période de plus de treize ans, remplie par une révolution qui, partant de nobles principes de liberté et d'indépendance, conduisit un grand peuple successivement de l'anarchie à la tyrannie populaire, et après avoir abattu celle-ci, du rétablissement de l'ordre à la monarchie absolue."

Half a century later, we have seen the same country traverse the same road, to arrive at the same termination. The origin, motives, agents, and conclusion of this second act are, as might be expected, mean and feeble parodies of the first terrible one. But they are its legitimate consequence. The waves raised by that terrific tempest have never been stilled. There have been momentary lulls, but those who looked beneath the surface were always aware that the elements of disorder were there. This may, indeed, be said, with more or less truth, of every thickly peopled country, where the inevitable inequalities of fortune and education seem to press hardly upon masses of men, and to provoke cupidity and envy. But what distinguishes France is (as we have tried to show) the absence of all counteracting or controlling influences; the absence of political convictions and political attachments; the absence of every kind of political power except what emanates either from the central government for the time being, or from the populace; i. e. from those who dispose, in one form or another, of the armed force of the country.

It is painful to confess that the true and absolute sovereign of France is Fear;—fear of change; which means, as they think, tumult, convulsion, plunder, and bloodshed. We have been surprised to find how little the terror of the "Rouges" is worn out. It is, we are convinced, in the minds of a great portion of the middle classes, as lively as ever. Insecurity of life and property is so far the greatest of all social evils, that no people is to be blamed or despised for submitting to any régime that affords protection against that. Louis Napoleon is too sagacious not to admit that the men to whom he really owes his crown are those who in their several degrees contributed to the Revolution of '48. "Un despotisme irrémédiable est la conséquence nécessaire de l'esprit et des doctrines politiques de la révolution."

In 1855 we were extremely struck with the alarm with which the reports of the proceedings at Angers were received by the bour-

geoisie of a large provincial town in the north of France. The newspaper from which we extracted the following curious incident of the judicial proceedings was lent to us by an opulent and respectable shopkeeper, who expressed an anxiety which we thought had ere then subsided. There exists among the peasants, and more especially the quarriers of that neighborhood, a secret association called, "la Marianne," the object of which is the entire overthrow of society, accompanied with pillage and every kind of violence. On the 27th of August, 1855, they assembled at a village called Trélazé, armed with whatever weapons of offence they could collect, and marched upon Angers, forcing all the men on their passage to march with them. They seem to have been under some illusion that their attempt would be seconded in other parts of France. The first witness (who had recently been to Paris) being asked what were his projects, says, "Je voulais renverser le gouvernement;" and again, "Je ne voulais que prendre part au renversement du gouvernement et régénérer les lois." Upon which mild and modest avowal, the Premier Président de la Cour Royale asks—

P. P. "Que voulez-vous dire, et de qu'elles lois voulez-vous, parler?"

S. (avec complaisance.) "Dam," Monsieur, vous comprenez que dans l'état de dégénérescence où se trouve la société, tout citoyen qui—"

M. le P. "Ah, permettez! vous osez bien, du banc où vous êtes, accuser notre société, notre pays, d'être en décadence! La France, alors qu'elle se placée plus que jamais à la tête des nations et de la civilisation, dégénérerait? la France, qui se couvre de gloire par ses armes!"

L'accusé (secouant la tête—"Oh!")

One of the conspirators quotes the favorite maxim, "Qu'on ne peut pas faire des omelettes sans casser les œufs!" Another gives as a reason for upsetting the government, "Qu'il nous donne la famine." Another, the wise man of the troop, says that they were to demand "la diminution des vivres;" but adds, "Moi, je ne tenais pas beaucoup à cela, parce qu'enfin je ne voyais pas trop comment on l'obtiendrait."

This is a remarkable specimen of a French conspirator and a French judge. The easy, jaunty manner in which the former says, "Je ne voulais que prendre part," etc.—only just wished to help to upset the government and

to regenerate the laws is characteristic. Then his answer to the next question. Find us a quarrier in Great Britain who would be able to roll off his tongue, "l'état de dégénérescence où se trouve la société." Our poor fellows would never learn such a polysyllabic speech. Admirable also is the quarrier's sense of the obligation under which he lies to regenerate society and the laws! To suspect him of any doubt of his entire ability to do this small work, would be to do him infinite injustice.

The judge indignantly repels the charge against society and France, and (having doubtless felt his French heart swell with the English praises of his countrymen in the Crimea) affirms that "France had just then put herself more than ever at the head of civilization and of nations"—(you see what poor devils those Englishmen are!) and assists our conception of what civilization means, by adding, that she (France) "covers herself with glory by her arms."

That a government which affects to give plenty should be charged with "giving famine," is all fair, and we leave it to reply as it can. The cautious and doubting man who confesses that he did not exactly see how the "diminution des vivres" was to be obtained, and was therefore not a thing to be much cared about, we regard as wholly unworthy to be a Frenchman. He looks to us far more like a cold, calculating Englishman, who is grovelling enough to have an eye to the possible. But such things are no matter for jest, for by such terrors as these is France induced to submit to be a slave. Only a few days ago we saw a letter from the south of France, full of anxiety about the war, but chiefly lest it should once more let loose the demon of revolution; "lest we should have the Rogues upon us again, and then, what would become of us all? Any thing but that!" It will be said that if England were in such a case, the better part of society would at once try conclusions with the dreaded anarchists, and free themselves from this ignoble terror, or die. We believe it confidently. But if England had been subjected to as many revolutions as have shaken France, she, like her great rival, would have lost her self-confidence and her energy. Englishmen would doubtless refuse to admit that they could ever sink into such a state as to seek shelter from the terrors of anarchy under the shield of despotism. But

they know not the effect of the destruction of all that men have been accustomed to respect, to obey, to hold to. If ever we see among us the disregard of consequences, the ungenerous and insincere flattery of the people by those who ought to be their friends and advisers; the unprincipled bidding for popularity, and the reckless use of it when gained; the preposterous and fatal pretension that a new world is to be created by every new generation, and the Past to be thrown aside like a worn-out garment, which have destroyed the dignity and security of France, let us not flatter ourselves that we shall escape the evils under which she groans. The habit of submitting, "non sans déplaisir, mais sans résistance, à tous les pouvoirs successifs imposés par les chances des révolutions," is justly characterized by M. de Vieil-Castel, as "une des nécessités des temps de bouleversements." With the example of France before it, no nation can enter on a course of violent changes, without the full and certain prospect of undergoing that humiliating necessity. "Les excès commis au nom de la liberté," says the same eminent writer, "inspirent tôt ou tard aux peuples condamnés à les subir le goût, on pourrait presque dire le besoin, du pouvoir absolu." But even this expedient, lamentable as it is, does not insure permanent tranquillity; for as he observes, "Une nation, en s'abandonnant trop complètement à son gouvernement, dans un intérêt mal-entendu de l'ordre et de la paix, le pousse inévitablement à des folies qui compromettent les résultats mêmes pour lesquels on a fait tant de sacrifices;" an observation naturally suggested by what is now passing in France.

We have, we know how imperfectly, endeavored to carry the thoughts of our readers to the sources of the present humiliation and the dreaded decline of our great and glorious rival. Let us not fancy ourselves secure from the evils which have followed in dire succession upon her fatal mistakes. A Frenchman, driven from France by the calamities and the dishonor of his country, expressed to us his deep disappointment and surprise at finding England tainted with things from which he had always believed her exempt; especially was he astonished at seeing with what favor she viewed a despotism as ruthless and as perfidious as any on record. "I did not expect to find such a frenchified England," was one of his expressions.

We cannot refrain from adding a few passages from the letters of this most upright and high-minded man, who loved the country he abandoned with a passion which rendered him utterly intolerant of those whom he deemed her unworthy children. His indignation was that of a man wounded in his dearest and holiest affections, disappointed in his noblest aspirations, which were all for France. In answer to a well-meant but feeble attempt to discover some ground for hope and consolation, he says—

"I cannot reach the heights of your Christian and rather Germanizing philosophy. I am totally unable to feel any pity for my countrymen, because I am satisfied that they are suffering a just punishment, and at the same time unconscious of its being a severe one. I am not good-natured enough to love those I despise, nor philosopher enough to excuse debasement under the pretence of its being a way to regeneration. . . .

"I am sure you partake too much in our sorrows to take refuge from them in abstract meditations upon the great machinery of which they are but a trifling part. There is no machinery in the world: there is a living community of responsible individuals, who perish when they let themselves perish; or, what is the same, when they prefer the mere outward appearance of life to life itself, and to causes which make it worth while to live.

. . . "I keep apart from my countrymen, because I am not rich enough to subsist in such a place as is now my country without subjecting myself to the conditions which they have approved, nor tame enough to receive them as they are received there."

The second paragraph in the following letter, written, like the preceding, in '53, will strike our readers as doubly remarkable from the comment upon it, which the events of the last few months have afforded. We have underlined one sentence to which, to use the writer's words, we "call the attention" of the public.

"I send you two letters which I received some days ago, and which are so characteristic of the situation of France that you will be interested by them. The longest was written by an honest fellow who is somewhat too candid and naïf; his mind, which is not strong, is constantly wrought upon by the double French infirmity; he cannot help worshipping success, and looking for something in philosophy by which success may be made to appear to be right.

"I call your attention to his ideas about war: they are universally spread in a sort of

Polish, Italian circle which he frequents much. *This is one of the revolutionary sides on which the new emperor presents himself.* There is much talk of a revolutionary war among the foreign refugees of a certain description in Paris; as there is of democratic reforms among certain classes of Napoleonic socialists.

"My other correspondent is a genuine French bourgeois, a wealthy merchant, with 100,000 fr. a year. He speaks in all the sincerity of his soul. You may see that neither of my friends are adversaries to the present government of France; they are bewildered and subdued. They are witnesses taken from the very crowd, and you may judge and conclude surely enough from their evidence. I ask you again, Is there any hope of a better state left to the most sanguine people, where all classes are so totally devoid of moral strength?

"There are some who feel the abasement of their country, but how few are they! Most of them philosophize about it, and would sneer at any plain man who would think they had better move their little finger to get out of the mess on which they look down fastidiously with folded arms. Symptoms of this intellectual prostration meet you at every step, and on the most trifling occasions.

. . . "The worst malady of France is the profound moral poverty, the complete lack of moral sense in those very classes for whom we have so aptly discovered the name of '*gens honnêtes et modérés*.' I know how much I spent of time, words, ink, and paper, good will and holy rage, all the best that I had to spend, in trying to make something better of those *honnêtes gens*. Alas! I could not, and many higher and abler than I did not succeed better. What is left in a country where you cannot do any thing with the '*honnêtes gens*,' nor even with the rogues, as it will sooner or later be peremptorily demonstrated by the present experiment? The few people to whom I shall never be tempted to apply that now so justly derisive appellation of *honnêtes gens*, because they are really honest, are men whose heart is better than their head, who are blessed with eternal youth, and, however old they may grow, never grow wise. I am not sure whether many of them are as yet so daring as to deny the rights and merits of universal suffrage. They are men of principle, but their principles are founded on illusions. And how few are they!

"The real majority, the French mass, is now composed of men of expediency, whose first expedient is to worship force and success, without any other excuse or pretext but that *they are force and success*, and on that very

account gods to be worshipped. This is, a new feature in the long history of the various modes of human degradation; force and success having usually, up to this time, imposed themselves on their worshippers in a rather decent shape and garb."

One anecdote, and we have done our melancholy selection. Let us, however, add that the views of our correspondent, though to a certain extent, shared by all honorable Frenchmen, are certainly more gloomy and desponding than those which men of happier temperament entertain; who, while admitting the greatness of present evils, cannot consent to believe in the hopeless decline of France.

"After the devastation of the Tuileries I had many private letters of the royal family, which I sent back to the princes; but among them there was one of the Queen's, which was most beautiful. She wrote to the Prince de Joinville, being alone by herself on the anniversary of the Duc d'Orleans' death, and she said, she prayed God to protect her sons, dispersed on land and water. I don't recollect the exact words, but it was so grave, and at the same time so plain, 'la main de Dieu sur la terre et sur les eaux,' was so naturally spoken of in her unpretending style, that nobody could fail to be struck with the effect of that scrap of paper which the shoes of the mob had stamped with dirty blotches. It looked quite a holy relic. A highly respectable *bourgeoise* entreated me at that time to favor her with it, and to let her keep it as a pious remembrance. She was an old lady, and being very commendable in many respects, her request was granted. Alas! the very same,—a good Christian lady, and an excellent pattern of worthiness in the best of the middle classes of French society, would now make fresh relics of her emperor and empress, and worship them (in obedience to the direction of her confessor) for their care of religion. There is indeed much stupidity in this debasement.*"

We cannot conclude without a few words on the subject of the relations between the French and English nations, and the sentiments which it is possible and desirable that they should entertain towards each other.

From the time of Edward III. to the peace of 1815, there was almost always fierce and open hostility between the rulers and peoples; but except during some short intervals there was, at the bottom of the two countries, the mutual respect which is implied in the word rivalry; i.e., a more ardent and hostile sort of emula-

tion. Even the French Revolution, which revealed to the eyes of affrighted Europe the abyss of envy, rancour, and ferocity which had lain hid in the bosom of French society, brought to light, at the same time energies, which, if rightly directed, seemed to promise a new and more vigorous life to the nation. Unhappily for France, and for Europe, they were turned into the channel of external war. The burning torrents which had devastated France overflowed Europe; and whatever were the detestation felt by the wise and good for the man who employed the faculties of a whole people for his own aggrandizement, or the contempt for the people which consented to be so used, France, as a warrior and an enemy, was too able and too formidable not to be generally respected; while Englishmen of education never forgot the vast debt the civilized world owed to France, or the remarkable intelligence that lay crushed and mute under the heel of the tyrant.

With the fall of the man who had inflicted so much evil on England—so much greater and more lasting evil on France—fell, with astonishing rapidity, the exasperation of the English people. We should despair of making any Frenchman believe how little of it remained, even before the turf had grown over the graves of Waterloo. The English are not vindictive; they trouble themselves little about foreigners, and they had come out of the contest victors; they are the least suspicious people in the world, and not at all ingenious in discovering bad motives, or distorting facts; they not only let bygones be bygones, but, generally speaking, believe what you tell them, and let things be what they seem. But if there was little rancor in the heart of England at the close of the war, there was, in her head, abundance of what is perhaps a still more fertile source of misrepresentation and antipathy—ignorance. How could it be otherwise? Never, perhaps, since the world began was there such an example of iron and successful despotism as that which put an end to all intercourse between two neighboring countries, so advanced in all the means of communication, so interested in knowing each other's character, condition, and actions. They knew each other only in the character of exasperated combatants, inflamed by systematic misrepresentations. The French people generally, with their characteristic in-

* The above extracts were written in English and are printed verbatim.

difference to freedom, submitted to be blindfolded and gagged by the man who rendered them formidable and famous.*

Subsequent events have not tended to produce a better mutual understanding. The weariness, apathy, and levity displayed by the French at the close of the ruinous military pageant which they had accepted in lieu of every thing that a rational people demands from its government, were not calculated to inspire respect; and seemed to prove that, in spite of the enormous external strength France had put forth for the terror and subjugation of Europe, her internal weakness and political incapacity were as great as ever. By her friends these were regarded as the natural consequence of her long servitude and the misdirection and exhaustion of her powers; while the fresh and vigorous burst of talent of various kinds displayed at the Restoration by the emancipated mind of France, excited in all generous and enlightened Englishmen the not unreasonable hope that faculties so brilliant and so various would at length be turned to noble and useful purposes; and that a people who had suffered so much from civil convulsions, domestic tyranny, and external wars, would submit with thankfulness to a government which promised them some security from such enormous evils, and some chance of progressive reform. Though this hope was but imperfectly fulfilled, it must be confessed that there was not much in the Revolution of 1830 to awaken the fear that the diseased restlessness which preceded and accompanies debility had become chronic. The provocation was real, the conflict without ferocity, and the victory used with moderation; and the early years of the reign of Louis Philippe, spite of numerous symptoms of moral disorder in the lower strata of soci-

* We remember hearing, from one of the few who steadily refused to bow the knee before the false gods of war and glory, a very curious and interesting description of the arrival of an English newspaper at Paris, during the darkest period of non-intercourse. It was brought thither, torn into extremely small pieces, in the boots of some traveller. The precious fragments were given to Madame Say (the wife of the honest and high-minded J. B. Say), who shut herself up in her bedroom with one or two female friends on whose secrecy and discretion she could rely, and with whose help she accomplished a task like those imposed by the fairy on Princess Finetta. They succeeded in arranging and joining together the small, confused bits. "And then," she said, "it was the greatest proof of regard and confidence we could give to any one, to invite him to see this precious rarity and perilous possession."

ety, seemed to promise something like a perception, on the part of the people, of the functions and powers of governments, and of their impassable limits; something like the reasonable acquiescence in the inevitable conditions of civil society which characterizes men, and renders peace, order, and security possible. But these promises were delusive. The old diseased restlessness, the anarchical sentiments, the political unreason, re-appeared under various forms, and every observant eye saw with alarm the indications of the coming paroxysm.

The paroxysm was the Revolution of 1848. Considered as a political drama—to use the favorite French word—this event was calculated immeasurably to lower France as a political society in the eyes of all thinking men. There was no adequate cause for it; no serious provocation. The evils and abuses ascribed to the government were partly attributable to the character and opinions of the nation, partly such as inhere in all governments, and in all human things; they were susceptible of reform, correction, and improvement. Granting that the king's government was in some respects bad, it was confessedly mild, and was, moreover, near its natural termination; when the country would have before it several alternatives as to the persons or the forms under which its government might be carried on. It could find no other expedient but the old one;—the overthrow of every thing.

There was nothing to excuse the conduct of the public men, who, after long and terrible experience, goaded on an irritable and ignorant populace. The populace itself, the active maker of this revolution, was despicable as to numbers, character, every thing. But what tended more than any thing else to damage the French people in the eyes of Englishmen was the total want of prudence, courage or firmness on the part of the middle and higher classes. The *bourgeoisie*, which had been stupidly delighted at any thing that could annoy and alarm the government, was now stupidly frightened; but so far from doing any thing to protect itself or the State from ruin, it remained passive and cowed. Now the thing most despicable in the eyes of Englishmen is want of energy, coolness and determination. The French, who complain, and with great justice, of our selfish and contemptuous indifference to their present un-

happy condition, should recollect, that the incidents of the Revolution of 1848, and the part played by those whose especial business it was to defend society from the assaults of the mob, was not of a kind to conciliate the respect of an energetic and self-relying people. A people accustomed for ages to act together in all political emergencies, to see at a glance their leaders and their comrades, and to find ready to their hands the *cadre* of a self-asserting and self-defending organization, cannot be expected to understand the paralyzing difficulties of a people enfeebled by ages of centralization. A few eloquent words uttered by M. Guizot in 1853, paint with terrible truth this state of the public mind of France:—

“Regardez autour de vous, et peut-être en vous-même; l’abattement des esprits et des cœurs est général; tant de mécomptes dans le passé! tant de ténèbres sur l’avenir. Le doute, le découragement, et cette inquiétude tantôt agitée tantôt apathique, mais toujours stérile que le doute enfante, c’est le mal de notre temps, même parmi les honnêtes gens.

“Il manque à notre société la paix intérieure, cette paix qui prend sa source dans la confiance que se portent mutuellement les hommes et les diverses classes d’hommes; dans la sécurité morale avec laquelle ils vivent et traitent ensemble.”

This political helplessness was mournfully evident, when the first day of the Revolution, the day of the fatal banquet, came. None, even of the best-informed Frenchmen, of whatever party, seemed to know what to expect, far less what to do. It was past midnight when M. de —, Capitaine de vaisseau, came to the door of a friend of ours; everybody but the porter was in bed, but he desired the *femme-de-chambre* to be called, and said to her, “Dites à madame qu’elle ne s’inquiète pas. Ce ne sera rien. Ce n’est qu’une gaminerie.” The lady did not see him again till all was over. “Ah, Monsieur le Capitaine, quelle gaminerie!” was her natural exclamation. But the kind and courteous sailor, who had shown so much consideration for the fears of a woman and a foreigner, easily justified himself from the charge of a too ready confidence. He said, “I followed the *émeute* from its first assembling at daybreak, till I left it to call at your door. I can affirm that repeatedly in the course of that day it might have been put down with ease.”

On the morning of the 24th the Comte de — called upon us at an early hour: he was

in his uniform of National Guard, and looked pale and profoundly dejected. He said, “It is all over with us. You have heard the *rappel* beating ever since six o’clock. The battalion to which I belong consists of six hundred men. How many do you think we assembled? Eighty. The *gamins* in the street laughed at us and said, ‘Ah! ce ne sont que les mains blanches.’” It was true; they were a handful of gentlemen.

Yet it is certain that to the large majority of the industrious classes the Revolution was odious, the name of Republic, a name of horror. We shall never forget the countenance of an honest neighbor in Paris—a *laitier*—as the mob passed, bearing in triumph the wreck of the throne, and other *débris* of the plunder of the Tuileries. He stood on the pavement before his door, as we all did, looking at the fierce and exulting rabble, and speechless; at length he turned to us, with a face frozen by the thought that had then struck him, and gasped out, “Pourvu que ce ne soit pas la République!”

Early in the morning of the 25th, passing through the Place de la Madeleine, we went into a grocer’s shop, to ask what was the state of things at the corner of the Rue des Capucines. Nothing can be conceived more repulsive than the gay, triumphant air with which the *épiciers*, weighing his sugar for an equally complacent customer, assured him that “Guizot” would be caught and would infallibly be hanged.* This man belonged to the class which looked on the destruction of

* To relieve our readers from the disgust with which they will read this expression of stupid ferocity, we must relate what occurred in the village in which M. Guizot’s country-house is situated. It is near Lisieux, a large manufacturing town—democratic and dangerous; and there was good reason to expect that it would be attacked. The house, full of things of interest and value, and especially of part of M. Guizot’s fine library, was left in the care of the gardener. A party of the peasants of the village immediately went to the house and offered to defend it against all assailants. The danger, as they knew, would not have been slight: a Lisieux mob was not likely to be merciful. But there is not the smallest doubt that the brave fellows would have made a determined defence. Equally noble and courageous was the conduct of the curé of the village. This good Catholic priest went to the house of his great Protestant neighbor, and begged that any objects of particular value might be intrusted to him. He would keep them in his sacristy or in his own house. Yet he must have known that his sacred function would be a poor protection from the sort of men who compose the mob of a manufacturing town.

the monarchy as a pleasant piece of mischief; men incapable of one serious thought of consequences; equally incapable of any measure or thought of self-defence when those consequences ensued. But we need not multiply these symptoms of the state of the public mind in France. It is now generally understood that the vast majority of the French people had no other part in the Revolution than first, to weaken the government, and secondly, to do nothing whatever to put down the tumult.

But the submissive acceptance of a government which nobody affected to approve or to respect, was inexplicable to the mass of the English people; and accordingly it led their opinions on their neighbors entirely astray. From that day to this they have remained so. Englishmen, accustomed to regard the French as a brave, high-spirited people, and wholly unaccustomed themselves to the terrors of anarchy, could by no means be brought to believe that such a people had tamely submitted to the domination of a low and contemptible faction, and had accepted a government they hated, without an attempt at resistance.

On the other hand, Frenchmen of education and character heard with the utmost surprise, and not without resentment, that a number of so-called "Liberals" in England expressed great satisfaction at the overthrow of the constitutional monarchy, and warm sympathy with the revolutionary government so reluctantly accepted by France. Those who had witnessed the revolution, who knew what it overthrew, and what it substituted, who had seen the blank dismay of the people, and more especially of the peaceful and orderly of the lower classes, found with amazement, on their return to England, men of the educated classes rejoicing in this disastrous overthrow of all good government in France, as a triumph of liberty. It was almost impossible to make the faithful champions of free institutions in France believe that this could be the feeling of any well-wisher to their country and their cause; they regarded it (not without an appearance of reason) as a proof that the old hatred was not extinct here; and that the pretended sympathy with liberalism was only a mask for exultation in the ruin and dishonor of a rival. There was something even in the attitude of the English who flocked to Paris—"to see what was going on," that

wounded them to the quick. We remember hearing one of the most eminent political thinkers of France—now, alas! no more—animadvert with great bitterness on the behavior of certain Englishmen in the Chamber of Deputies during the horrible scene of the 15th of May. "They looked on at the death-throes of constitutional government in France," said he "with eager and animated curiosity, as they would at a bull-fight." And among them were members of that time-honored representative body whose sympathies might—one would think, *must*—have been with men who had hoped to bequeath to the world another great arena of public discussion.

That there were men in England whose sympathies would be, as the French say, "*acquires*" to success, on whatever side, or men whose personal antipathies were stronger than their public affections, was to be expected; but the true patriots and enlightened men who were stricken to the dust by this outbreak of brute violence, and who saw with dismay that the reign of brute violence was inaugurated, and probably established for an indefinite time in France, were wholly unprepared for the sentiments with which their calamities were viewed by many Englishmen; and have never been able to understand or to forgive them.

Their anticipations were but too well founded. Violence had assumed another form, and one more likely to perpetuate itself than that of the Republic. But the change, so far from rendering the state of France more intelligible to Englishmen of average ignorance, has only made it more perplexing. For have not the French universal suffrage? and did they not choose their President? and did they not vote that he should be Emperor?

If ever the day should arrive when numbers rule paramount in England, and intelligence, knowledge, experience, character, station go for nothing, Englishmen will be enabled to appreciate the blessings of universal suffrage, and the sort of public opinion it represents. Meanwhile those who read, and those who converse with honest, enlightened, and rational Frenchmen, know what to think, both of the ruler of France and of the consideration he enjoys. We asked a noble and consistent champion of national liberty the other day, whether Louis Napoleon was popular among the mass of the people. "Why," said he,

"il est leur homme. Ils l'ont fait, et ils aiment cela." "They don't dislike a despot," rejoined an Englishman, "provided he is not a gentleman, and has no title but their caprice. They regard him as an instrument for crushing and keeping down all superiorities, which are the real and constant objects of their aversion." We do not believe that such feelings as these are at all understood by the English people in general, or that they would be regarded with sympathy if they were. We have always been convinced, that the reception given to the Emperor here, which amazed and scandalized Europe, was founded on a complete misconception; and we have repeatedly maintained this to Frenchmen, who beheld, with a mixture of wonder, mortification, and contempt, the English people lavishing their acclamations on an adventurer who had risen to power by perjury.

But if we may conscientiously allege this excuse for the mass of our countrymen, we can find none for men whose high position rendered it impossible that they should be ignorant of the facts, and whom we should not have dared to suspect of sympathy with the class to whom Louis Napoleon belongs. A proud, justly proud, hereditary aristocracy, jealous of their honor—an Estate of the oldest and most stable constitutional government in the world—was just the very last body in which we should have expected to find admirers, abettors, and associates of a revolutionary despot, the instrument and the representative of the lowest passions of the populace, repudiated by every thing that is elevated or enlightened in the country he has subjugated by its aid. This remains, and will remain, a shameful puzzle to all the better part of the French nation;—the part which, in the midst of their sufferings and humiliations, looked to England for commiseration and sympathy. Men of old descent, high honor, refined habits, and enlarged culture, looked with confidence across the Channel to their peers, who, to all these gifts and advantages, joined the paramount one of living under a dignified and secure government. They saw with amazement, and bitter disappointment, many of these very men courting their perfidious oppressor. To gain the support of a man who, as we and the world knew, no oaths or obligations could bind; to conciliate the part of the French nation which igno-

rance, prejudice, and envy will forever render hostile to us; we alienated the affections, and lost the respect, of the portion in whom knowledge had in part vanquished antipathy; whose sympathies and aspirations were all with constitutional government—and consequently with England, its cradle and its mighty nurse; and who, if ever France is to revive, and to rise out of the abyss into which anarchical opinions have plunged her, must be her saviours and her chiefs.

Other hope for her there is none; and if, in spite of her deep alijection, we still continue to hope, it is because we see with admiration and respect that, in spite of all discouragements, with the heel of the oppressor on their necks, the representatives of the great intelligence of France go on to labor for her honor and instruction, and to produce works worthy of her name. We are struck with astonishment when we see the number of excellent books that continue to issue from the French press, and to maintain its reputation, even in the midst of the filth and froth by which it is defiled and degraded.

We have spoken plainly, too plainly perhaps, of the faults in the French character which appears to us to render so doubtful the establishment of stable institutions in France. While doing so, we have felt as if we were almost false to France, and to our own sentiments, in enlarging on her defects. How much could we say of the virtues, the merits, the gifts, and the graces of her sons and daughters! In how many things have we seen and acknowledged their superiority! In how many, longed to commend them to the admiration of our countrymen! Let us at least do homage to the noble qualities which political adversity has brought to light. In what other country in Europe would be found an equal number of men lying under every conceivable inducement to return to political life, whom nothing has been able to tempt to the smallest concession? Many of the men who have played a great political part in France are very far from being born to the high independent position enjoyed by most of our statesmen; and in keeping aloof from the imperial government, they at once exclude themselves and their families from all the things most coveted by men. Many of them have the practice and the passion of public life, and must feel bitter and disinterested regret at being shut out from the service of their

country; many see their sons growing up without a career or an incentive to laudable ambition; yet which of the great names that illustrated, by speech or pen, the great conflicts of the constitutional monarchy, is found to have transferred his allegiance and his advocacy to the cause of despotism or the encouragement of anarchy? We find them all in dignified retirement, pursuing with unabated ardor their researches into every thing that can be honorable or useful to France—lending themselves to no political plots, and strangers to the intrigues and corruptions of an impure court. These men are, to all who know what France really contains, and who can appreciate political probity, and virtuous scorn of ill-gotten power, *the true France*—the France that has done so much for the instruction, the refinement, and the pleasure of mankind.

It is impossible to express to what a degree these honorable men seem to us deserving of reverential pity. Members of a society which has no sympathy with them, and which it is impossible they should esteem, crushed under the double weight of a military despotism and an envious democracy, even the love of country becomes a source of mortification, grief, and fear. Even the comfort of striving to emancipate and raise France is denied them, when the very idea of change inspires terror; and safety and honor can only be reached through a dark and stormy sea on which no one would be justified in embarking.

Never, we are convinced, were we in less favor, certainly not in lower estimation with the French, and with the whole of Europe than during the theatrical display of friendship in 1854 and 1855. As to favor, let us once for all persuade ourselves of one thing. The mass of the French nation are incapable of *liking* a people who have any claims to equality with them—claims which they never will allow, and which are the more distasteful to them the higher and the better founded they are. Between two nations so nearly matched, and so widely different; each full of self-esteem and of intolerant prejudice; each naturally incapable of understanding the other, and profoundly ignorant of the feelings and motives which lie at the root of social existence, there can never be much liking. Few nations are capable of recognizing two standards or two sorts of excellence in any line; the French, from natural vanity, and

long habit of predominating in Europe, peculiarly so. So much for taste and sympathy. Remains, the respect which certain qualities and certain lines of conduct will always extort from men of high spirit, and quick appreciation of the great and the noble. *This* we might, if we would, command. There are in the English character elements singularly adapted to win the respect of unprejudiced Frenchmen, who are able to perceive wherein France is defective, and wherein other nations excel. There are qualities in which the better informed and more judicious among them were always willing to admit our superiority, and upon which they placed a respectful reliance. Our gravity, sobriety, and moderation; our persevering attachment to freedom; our firm and consistent preference of good institutions to the perilous glories or the gaudy trappings of despotic government; our determination not to risk our internal franchises and securities for the doubtful advantages of external conquest;—these composed an ideal before which every reflecting Frenchman bowed with respect. Every reflecting Frenchman now asks what is become of this ideal?—why we are eagerly throwing off our noblest characteristics and our best traditions?—what is become of our sympathy with civil and religious freedom?—how it is that a government begun in perfidy, continued by confiscation and violence, unable to buy or to command the services or the countenance of any of its own most distinguished or most respectable subjects, compelled to extinguish the press, to stifle every germ of constitutional government, became the object of the daily applause of the English—and not only of the mass, ignorant of all that passes out of England, but of members of the legislature! members of that branch of the legislature whose consideration and whose very existence depend on the maintenance of stable institutions and of hereditary rights! whose function it is to act as barriers against despotic power and restless innovation! How is it that the English who used to talk with proud contempt of French frivolity and *persiflage*, are now content to see their great deliberative assembly converted into an arena for the exhibition of bad jokes and vulgar banter? How is it that the English people, who used to pride themselves on solid good sense and decent earnestness, have permitted their public men to compromise or blemish the great renown, the grave authority of Eng-

land? to lower us, as we are most unquestionably lowered, in the eyes of all Europe? Europe, which pardoned us our want of amiable and brilliant qualities, in consideration of the gravity, the veracity, the honor, the trust-worthy patriotism which commanded her respect,—what does she think now? It is impossible to take up a book or a newspaper, to hear a conversation in any company on the continent without having the admission wrung from one that the last ten years have witnessed a mortifying decline in the prestige of England.

France saw with just resentment the English people become the servile flatterers of a government which is regarded by every honorable and high-minded man in France as a standing insult to the intelligence and dignity of his country. While even the absolute power wielded by Louis Napoleon has not enabled him to attach to his person or his court a single great or eminent name; while every thing that is respected and respectable kept entirely aloof, we, for Englishmen, prostrated ourselves before a foreign despotism which we should not for a single moment endure at home. All this is utterly unintelligible to thinking Frenchmen; and they can see no other solution of so strange a problem than one the most insulting and galling to them;—the English think good enough for us a government they would not tolerate for a day.

The following extract from a letter written at the beginning of the Russian war by the same honorable man whose opinions of France we have already quoted, expresses some of the opinions and feelings which the demonstrations of that time were calculated to produce in the minds of Frenchmen:—

“I have a clear view of the present state of English minds. England is obliged to hold by the French alliance, and to conciliate, as much as possible, her natural dislike with her political necessities. The English allege the wickedness of the *nation*, with whom they have nothing more to do, as an excuse for the character of the *government*, upon which alone every thing depends. They do not wish to hear any thing against the power, the support of which they want in the threatening contest. But there is a sort of easy satisfaction which English morality enjoys,—perhaps a little too much—I mean, the pleasure of saying that the French are perfectly well off in their present state, and that no other would suit them better.”

Why could we not be content to be the

honest ally of France, without acting a part which, in the eyes of all sensible Frenchmen, must appear a farce ludicrous and contemptible or the expression of a stolid and complacent selfishness? Why not keep ourselves within the prudent reserve which characterizes the great mass of the French middle classes, who acquiesce in what they feel to be a necessity, but who affect no attachment to their ruler?

Nor was this all. Not satisfied with adorning the absolute sovereign of France, the English press was never tired of expatiating on the immense superiority of the French army. In all the terrible reports of correspondents from the Crimea, every defect in the English camp was contrasted with the corresponding merit in the French. We learned (oh wonder and novelty!) that we were not a military nation; that our soldiers could not cook, nor turn their hands to every thing. As if this national difference had any thing to do with one army or the other, and did not pervade the whole of society in the two countries! Let the gentlemen who found our poor soldiers so inferior to their allies, request their valet, or their groom, or, let us say, their clerk, or their errand-boy, to cook them a *potage*, or compound them a salad, even with Leadenhall and Covent Garden at their backs, and see what sort of eyes those excellent functionaries would make. Let us once for all understand that we are people who can do *one thing—well*—nay, as near as may be, perfectly. But when it comes to shifts and hand-turns, and making something out of nothing, we are utterly at a stand. The division of labor, the taste for order and regularity, the contempt for ill-done and half-done work, and a certain contentment in monotony, have conspired to produce this sort of character, which is completely national, and just as conspicuous in our housemaids as in our soldiers. No rational man would have been surprised at finding it, and certainly would not have held it up as a peculiar deficiency in our troops. It was, however, natural enough that the French should be struck with it, and that, *to them*, our soldiers should appear like helpless children. “They want to have every thing done for them,” was their common remark.

This boundless admiration of them, and abasement of ourselves, was not the way to secure the respect nor the confidence of the

French. Calmness, dignity, reserve, strict honor and adherence to promises, are the qualities they look for from the English. They do not like us a bit the more, and they respect us much the less, for all the silly enthusiasm and abject flattery we lavished upon them. They are not even grateful; for the most preposterous compliments you can pay them will never come up to their own estimate of their superiority; and in the indefatigable endeavors of the press to depreciate every thing English and to exalt every thing French, they saw nothing but the simplest justice, and a very fitting recognition that they are, as the President of the Cour Royale at Angers said, "*plus que jamais à la tête de la civilisation et des nations.*" They did not understand that these things were written to annoy Lord X.; or to plague Mr. Z; or to turn out Messrs. X., Y., and Z.; or to worry Lord Raglan, because he had been appointed by those gentlemen. They do not believe it when they are told. No, it was the involuntary, sincere homage of reluctant witnesses. The war, which had been at first notoriously unpopular in France, grew into favor with the people whose vanity was stimulated, and whose dormant love of military glory warmed into new life by our incessant applauses.

We heard Frenchmen of sense, generous admirers of England, who did ample justice to the bravery of our soldiers and the dauntless self-devotion of our officers, express their surprise at the insane and suicidal desire which seemed to have seized us to vie with France as a military nation. They repeated, "What are you to do without a conscription; without any solicitude during peace for the maintenance of your army; nay, with a people always trying to shake off part of the burthen of it, and with a tone of public opinion utterly opposed to military ascendancy?" "Is it not your continued and your very just boast, that one sees no soldiers in England? How much and how long have other nations envied you that singular privilege! But who would have thought that you would expect in a moment to find yourselves on a military equality with a people who have ever been ready to barter away all their liberties for glory? Who would have thought that the powers wielded by such a government as ours would be held up to Englishmen in favorable contrast to the inconveniences and shortcomings inseparable from the divided and impeded

action of a government which is subjected to so many restraints, and leaves so much to individual effort? God grant that in your military ardor you do not permit or even demand the conscription!"

We cannot conclude without assuring our readers that none of the foregoing reflections have been suggested by the events of the last few weeks: they are the result of long observation of France, and intercourse with all classes of its inhabitants. It is true that even while we have been putting together these scattered thoughts, the clouds which lowered in the horizon have gathered swiftly around us. They have cast their shadow over our pages, and have given them a deeper and graver tinge than we intended. Public opinion, too, has undergone a considerable change; and those whose moral sense was little offended by the crimes of a useful ally (so long as they were confined to the people he had sworn to protect), are filled with righteous indignation at the bare suspicion that he may extend to us a portion of the duplicity and perfidy which he has bestowed so largely upon his own subjects.

Nothing, however, that has occurred has produced the slightest change in our opinion of France or of its ruler. We have seen the French people accept two different forms of tyranny, both of which they hated and despised. We are now prepared to see them, at the inspiration and under the conduct of the very man who has betrayed and enslaved them, display matchless skill and courage in bringing destruction on other nations. The consideration, that they may themselves be buried under the ruins they make, will, we fear, hardly arrest their course. Hitherto no penalty has ever seemed to them too great to pay for the savage excitements of war, and the satisfaction of trampling on others. This was the opinion, early formed and steadily acted on by the soldier of fortune under whose sway they acquired the highest military renown, and lost whatever remnant of political courage and fortitude, whatever care for institutions, whatever faith in principles, the revolution had left them.* But a few weeks

* In 1797, General Bonaparte, walking in the gardens of the castle of Montebello with M. Miot and M. de Meizi, said of the French, "*Il leur faut de la gloire, les satisfactions de la vanité; mais, de la liberté! . . . ils n'y entendent rien. Voyez l'armée, les victoires que nous venons de remporter ont déjà rendu le soldat français à son véritable caractère. Je suis tout pour lui.*"

ago, every letter from France, whatever were the party of the writer, contained the same assurances.* The war was unpopular, dreaded, "execrated." Yet although the well-informed and thoughtful still speak of it as "a war for which there is no provocation, no excuse, and no inclination;" though they still see in the dark future a train of calamities resulting from it, the popular feeling has, we are assured, undergone a great change, and the incessant and inflammable mind of France is fast getting into that state of "blood-drunkness" which appears to be its only condition of strength.

If, however, the present state of things has little affected our estimate of the French people and their ruler, it has confirmed our opinion of the conduct of England since the Revolution of 1848. We have already urged, for the mass of our countrymen, the apology of ignorance. They did not know, and they were reluctant to believe, the real character of the imperial government. They were under the illusion, that the popular basis on which it rests, or appears to rest, afforded security to the rights and liberties of the people. Accustomed as they are to boundless publicity and the freest criticism of the acts of government, it was impossible for them to conceive a state of things in which the press dares not even mention notorious facts. Hence the reports of the deportation of hundreds of men without the shadow of a trial, and of other monstrous acts of tyranny, have been received with incredulity, and treated as party calumnies or the inventions of disappointed ambition.

Other appearances have contributed to perplex their judgment. We may especially mention the readiness, or rather eagerness, with which the loans, thrown open to the humblest means, have been raised. Few people, indeed, in this country are aware at what price this appearance of confidence and of affluence has been bought. A gentleman who had occasion to go frequently to Paris by the railroad (a distance of about thirty miles)

told us that he was perfectly astounded at the conversation he overheard between his peasant fellow-travellers. "Already," he said, (and this was almost immediately after the first popular *Emprunt*) "they talk like old stock-jobbers. They are familiar with the terms and tricks of the trade, and show the proverbial '*ruse*' of the French peasant, combined with the passion of the habitual gamester. They are continually running up to Paris to see how things go at the Bourse. A year or two ago these men would have talked only of their crops or their cattle." A very intelligent French lady, speaking on the same subject, said, "C'est du poison qu'il nous donne." She went on to describe the profound demoralization consequent on this scheme for inoculating a whole people with the passion for gambling in the funds; and the effect of it on a small but quiet and thriving town. Up to the time of the *Emprunt*, the population was employed either in agriculture or in a small manufacture, which furnished a quiet and decent maintenance to many families. There were in the whole town two men who had money in the funds; the rest invested their savings in land or in the trade of the place. Now, there is hardly an individual who is not a fundholder. They live in a state of constant excitement, and not only cease to regard the dishonest practices of the Bourse with disapprobation, but study, and very successfully, to learn them. "Of all the evils he has brought upon us, this," said she, "is the worst!"

But however anxious we may be to defend the mass of our countrymen from the charge of approving what is most odious to them, and regarding with selfish indifference the wrongs done to others, we confess that we have nothing to oppose to the general opinion of Europe respecting the sentiments and the conduct of persons to whom the real state of France could not be unknown. We are making no very lofty pretensions, when we say that a little more magnanimity towards the vanquished, and a little more caution towards the victor might have been reasonably looked for. In the ordinary transactions of life, we measure out our confidence in some degree according to the known conduct of those with whom we have to deal. Yet where the honor and safety of England, the cause of justice and humanity, respect for the sanctity of oaths and for public morality were

* "L'Europe entière, la France comprise, sauf quelques écrivains et quelques malheureux, a jugé que cette guerre était abominable, sans motifs. . . . Dans les plus hautes sphères, la désapprobation est énergique, comme dans le reste du pays. Mais voyez la déplorable situation où nous sommes! On va risquer nos plus chers intérêts, et notre meilleur sang va couler, sans qu'on ait encore daigné nous en dire le motif."—*Extract from a letter written in February, 1859.*

at stake, the most ordinary dictates of prudence and honor were disregarded; and we hastened to pay obsequious and fervent homage to a power acquired, as we knew, by treachery and violence. It was in vain that some Englishmen, to whom triumphant crime is still crime, protested. In vain that warning voices incessantly came from across the Channel. In vain, that the honorable and enlightened minority whom the masses and their chosen chief hold prostrate, constantly exhorted us to beware of one, the worth of whose protestations and oaths they knew so well. Either from vanity and levity, from cynical indifference to truth and honesty, or from that proneness to sycophancy of the successful which commonly accompanies the desire to humiliate the fallen, men whose duty it is to guide public opinion, helped to betray their more ignorant countrymen into a prodigal and discreditable waste of approbation and confidence on one whom no honest man could approve, and no prudent man trust. National conceit accepted the absurd notion that the ruler of France had a predilection for England; knew her too well, and respected her too much, ever to venture on any act of hostility to her. Even all that was done at the time of the "*Attentat*" to direct the hatred and anger of the French army and people against this country did not open our eyes; we refused to see the hand that secretly prompted, and openly accepted the famous addresses of the colonels.* It is generally affirmed on the Continent that had England maintained a prudent and dignified reserve, the audacious projects which have long floated before the mind of the Emperor would never have been put in execution. These projects, it is said, have been matured by the warmth of English applause and sympathy.

This strange fit of enthusiasm for a despot, in a people which has always professed to hate despotism, is, however, nearly over, and must die a natural death ere long. Meantime, it is fortunate for mankind that

* We heard the following incident from a near relation of one of the two actors in the scene.

A young captain of one of the cavalry "*régiments de fils de famille*" (which answer to our "*crack regiments*" of the same arm), stationed in the south of France, was breakfasting with his colonel, when the latter opened the *Moniteur*. In a few minutes he threw it down with a violent exclamation. He had just read in it a letter, not one syllable of which he had ever seen before, signed with his own name, as Colonel of the — Regt. of ——. It contained one of the most violent denunciations of England

we are now put in possession of data upon which to found a calm and complete judgment of the political morality of the founder and prototype of the Bonaparte dynasty. In the Correspondence of Napoleon with his brother Joseph, and the Memoirs of Count Miot de Mérito, the "*Idées Napoléoniennes*," are fully developed and practically illustrated. We see the utter contempt for mankind; for human happiness and dignity; for truth, justice, and humanity; for sound knowledge and noble thought, which characterized the first Napoleon, and which are the inheritance and the guide of his descendants. The display of these qualities during the occupation of Italy forms a curious subject of contemplation at this moment.

But it is France with which we have to do. We cannot better conclude our remarks on her present condition than in the words of M. de Mérito, written in 1804. It has a strange and melancholy application to the events and the persons of our own days.

"Voilà donc l'issue de cette révolution commencée par un élan presque universel de patriotisme et d'amour de la liberté. Quoi, tant de sang versé sur les champs de bataille et sur les échafauds, tant de fortunes détruites, tant de sacrifices de tout ce que l'homme a de plus cher, n'auront abouti qu'à nous faire changer de maîtres, qu'à substituer une famille inconnue il y a dix ans, et qui, au moment où commença la révolution, était à peine française, à la famille qui régnait depuis huit siècles en France! Notre condition, est-elle donc si misérable que nous n'ayons d'autre asile que le despotisme? Que nous soyons obligés pour éloigner les maux qui nous menacent aujourd'hui de tout accorder aux Bonapartes sans rien leur demander? De les élever sur le plus beau trône de l'Europe, de leur donner en héritage la gloire de commander à l'une des premières nations du monde, sans pouvoir leur imposer la plus légère condition, sans qu'aucun contrat les engage, sans qu'aucune institution nouvelle remplace au moins celles qui servaient quelquefois de digue aux caprices de nos anciens maîtres? Car ce n'est pas dans un sénat avalli, dans un conseil d'état amovible et sans consistance, dans un corps législatif muet, dans un tribunal tremblant et mendiant quelques places, dans une magistrature sans considération qu'il faut chercher un contrepois à ce pouvoir immense confié à un seul homme. Et ce pas, quelque pénible qu'il soit, il faut le faire, sous peine d'être livrés demain à des ennemis plus redoutables encore!" *

* "*Mémoires*," etc., vol. ii. p. 169.

From Chambers's Journal.
THE OAKS OF FAIRHOLME.

I WONDER whether it would be possible for me to write down the curious experiences of my youth. I am not old now, though more than thirty years have passed since I first saw the light shining on the upper windows of the house of which I am now the mistress. The sun as it sunk in the west always lit them up, before my father's great barn hid the view of the old Hall from us.

Most people thought Fairholme a dull place, but I remember liking it very much when I was a child. The squire was a tall, dignified man, not very popular with his tenantry. He came down only for a few months in the year; during the remainder, the house was shut up. It was said that, when younger, he had a pleasanter manner, and that it was the want of an heir to his property that soured his temper. As long as I can remember any thing—almost before I understood the meaning of the words—I heard of quarrels and bitterness at the great house.

The squire's lady was older than her husband, and very plain in person. I think she must have been slightly deformed, for she was always so closely wrapped up, that it was difficult to trace the outline of her figure. To the best of my belief, she never set her foot to the ground—at least, I never saw her walking. The carriage came round at a stated hour to a side-door of the old house, and her maids, it was said, lifted her into it. She never visited, or received company, and the state of her health was such that not a day passed without her seeing our village doctor. About once a week, a physician from London came down to her. Still, she grew neither better nor worse; and there were persons ill-natured enough to declare that her ailments were all fanciful. Every one was astonished when a report reached Fairholme from London, where the squire and his lady were spending the season, that she was expecting her confinement. It was true, nevertheless; and the family returned to the country earlier than usual that year, that she might be kept quiet. The heir, too, must be born at Fairholme. The place had descended from sire to son for centuries, and each succeeding landlord had first seen the light under that ancient roof. Bonfires were piled upon the hills when the time drew near. The church-bells were to be set ringing, and a feast was

to be given in the park to all the tenantry, far and near.

I was just eight years old then, and we lived in the farmhouse by the church, at the upper end of the village. My parents were plain, hard-working people, and it was through the squire's favor that they were enabled to rent the land they held. He had lowered the terms, because he had a liking for my father, who had worked as a laborer on the farm which he now occupied. My mother had been dairy-maid at the Hall in the old master's lifetime, and had saved a little money; but still they were poor people, and squared accounts with difficulty at the year's end, after all their labor.

We were expecting to hear the bells ring, and to see the great piles of wood on the hill-tops lighted, when word came down from the great house that there were to be no rejoicings, no bell-ringing, nor, in short, any notice whatever to be taken of the birth of the squire's first child. For, after all, it was only a daughter!

I could not understand that this made much difference in the matter, and I longed to see the baby; but my mother cried when she heard the news, and said: "Ah, poor lady, he will love her less than ever now!"

I do not know whether this was the case or not. There was not much time, it seemed, to decide it, for, an hour afterwards, the London physician's carriage rattled past—the second that had come through the village that day—and we heard that the baby's mother, our poor lady, was dying.

Ours was the nearest house, and perhaps for that reason we were always more interested than other folks in what was passing at the Hall. When the servants were at a loss for any thing, they often applied to us rather than go further; and my mother always kept the best poultry, in case it should be wanted for the squire's table. Sometimes the mistress would fancy a loaf of our home-made bread, of my mother's baking, which was always sweet and good, better than the rolls and twists the housekeeper made to tempt her delicate, sickly appetite. It was not likely that my mother, who had a young family of her own, should not want to know how she was getting through her trial.

It was but a step to the great house, for the grove was just opposite our windows, and the servants had left the gate open in their hurry.

In general, we never went through the plantation, but it was half a mile round by the road, and no one exactly knew that day what they were doing; so my mother caught me by the hand, and went across and under the deep shade of the evergreens, to know what was the matter.

I believe she was ashamed of her intrusion when, at a turn in the winding walk, we came suddenly upon the master. He was walking up and down with his brows knit together, and such an expression of disappointment in his face as I never saw dwelling on any human features before. My mother stood aside to let him pass, and courtesied deeply, holding me back from his path; but I question whether he ever noticed who it was, though he made a careless motion with his head. I can see him now, with the marks of sorrow and annoyance on his handsome, haughty face, and his thoughts legibly printed on his furrowed brow. It was evident that he had set whatever hopes of happiness were left to him upon that cast, and he had lost his stake.

My mother did not venture to speak, even to apologize for intruding on his privacy; and as I have said, he was too much occupied with his own troubled thoughts to pay much attention to any thing that passed before him. We only saw him for an instant; but when we reached the great house, the servants were setting out to look for him, and were glad to be told where he was. The poor babe was ill, and my lady's death was expected to take place every moment.

The little child was smaller than any thing I could have imagined. It lay in the handsome cradle provided for the young heir of Fairholme like a waxen doll or a dead baby, so still that at first I fancied it was not alive. There was only one woman in the room; the rest were with their mistress. It was indeed not considered to be a matter of importance at that moment whether the poor little girl lived or died.

I thought differently, and so, I am sure, did my mother. She took the pretty little creature out of its cradle, and held it gently, in a kind, motherly way, in her arms. It seemed happy there, and gradually, as she warmed and caressed it, some faint color stole into its face. Then she let me touch it, and I kissed my dear young lady for the first time. From that moment, I loved her.

The squire's wife did not die then, but she

never was strong enough to leave her bed afterwards. My mother had been able, I heard, to think of some simple remedy which the doctors despised; but be that as it may, she derived more benefit from it than she had done from their prescriptions, and she never forgot the obligation. While it was being tried, my mother put the young baby into my arms, while the nurse was busy preparing its food. She knew that I might be trusted, for I had nursed both my little twin-brothers in turn when they were not older than this waxen darling. The child stopped the little feeble moan it had just begun to make, and, opening its blue eyes widely, looked up at me. Then the muscles of its tiny mouth, which had been drawn up fretfully, relaxed, and the infant smiled, for the first time in its life in my face.

From that time, I went often to the great house. The child had taken a fancy to me, and was never quiet or happy except when it was in my arms. Its health was delicate, and my mother always said, that, in consequence of the great disappointment occasioned by its proving to be a girl, the servants followed the example of their master, and neglected it. I do not know whether this were the case, and whether, as she said, the child had had a fall, or whether it inherited its mother's infirmity of constitution, but it was a long, long time before it could use its limbs. I used to draw it about in the tiny carriage, in which it lay at full length. The child was so small that its weight made scarcely any difference.

After a time, the little lady was able to sit up, and play with the flowers gathered for her. There was nothing in the world I would not have done for her amusement. I am afraid I did not love my own sturdy little brothers half as well; but, then, they had a tender parent to care for them, and, before the time when my darling first learned to put her delicate feet to the ground, she was motherless.

Whatever might have been the case previously, after he lost his first wife, the squire's heart opened to his little daughter. He would come and sit for hours in the garden where we were at play, and help to draw her about when I was tired. The costliest toys were provided for her, and, certainly, there was no lack of care now taken in bringing her up; but she was never strong or like other girls

of her age. The least change in the weather affected her; and when she was five years old, the physicians said that she would never bear to spend another winter in England.

It was a sore struggle with my mother on the morning when the squire stopped his horse at our gate to ask her to give up her little daughter to him. Though he was a man of few words, he had a way with him which few could gainsay. He would, he said, provide handsomely for me, and I should have the position in his house of an elder daughter. Times were hard enough for the farmers just then; but I am sure his liberal offers had a very small share in winning my mother over.

I do not know what kind of feeling it was that made me even then fancy that I could leave father and mother, and follow that dark, haughty, silent man, and his little sickly child, to the world's end. He scarcely ever spoke to me, but there was music in his few courteous words, and an imperious influence exercised by the mere turn of his head. I knew exactly what pleased him, and I taught Julia the secret of conciliating her fastidious parent, before I understood how I had learned it myself. Now, as I stood trembling beside my mother, the tears that sprang to my eyes were not from regret or timidity. The little girl at the great house seemed to belong to me; something like a mother's love filled my heart for the baby I had held in my arms so soon after its birth. I thought that she would die if I left her; and I believe that the squire, calmly as he proffered his petition, believed that his child's life depended upon its being granted.

My earnest wish carried the day, and I was allowed to accompany my darling. She was very ill at first; and if, in addition to sickness and debility, she had been obliged to contend with the deep feelings of regret which it would have cost her to part with her playmate, she would have broken down under the trial. My mother, in her own motherly way, had foreseen this. "Poor little heart," she said, "she will never bear to part with Lucy. Let the children bide together."

My father had taken a different view of the case, but it was one favorable to my wishes. Troubles were coming fast upon him, and he was glad to see my prospects so securely settled. It was a great surprise to him when the squire, after receiving his consent, gra-

ciously offered him the post of bailiff during his absence. It was a proof of confidence for which he was deeply grateful, and he felt that he owed it in a great measure to me. He was very sorry to part with his own girl, when the time of separation arrived; but it was too late to draw back; so, with many tears, I separated from my kind friends; and a few hours afterwards we were tossing on the waves of the Channel, sorry enough, now that the time was come, to leave the people and the place we loved behind us.

I am speaking for Julia and myself, as we lay crying in our cots. I do not think that her father cared much at that time for leaving England. His life had not been a happy one; and now, with his little daughter's fate in his charge, he seemed to be beginning the world anew. A sense of responsibility awoke within him. He watched the child narrowly. It was difficult for any one who attended upon her to serve her with sufficient assiduity, and he parted successively with all the attendants he had brought out with him. Before we had been a winter in Italy, our household was entirely remodelled. The *contadina*, with their bright locks and warm, foreign manners, their caressing, liquid accents and graceful gestures, pleased his artistic taste. He engaged two women fresh from their sunny homes in the bosom of the smiling hills around Albano to wait upon Julia, and the child caught up their beautiful language immediately.

Insensibly, our manners, perhaps our characters, changed. Living in that Italian clime, the eye fed upon sights of all that was loveliest in nature and art; our minds expanded rapidly, and very soon I felt that I could not have returned to the homely life I had quitted. No one knew who or what I was; and as we wandered from place to place, for Julia's health required constant change, I was taken sometimes for her elder sister, at others for her aunt, and on one occasion, as time went on, for her mother.

I shall not easily forget that day. We were sitting on the terrace in front of the villa in which we were residing for a time near Turin, when some insect crept out of the vine-leaves in the basket of fruit Julia was carrying, and stung her hand. I was frightened, and flew to her, for she was still a perfect child, and cried bitterly. An artist, who was sketching the view of the Alps from our garden, made a picture of us, while the child lay

crying in my arms, as mother and daughter. When the sketch was finished, he handed it to Julia's father, entreating his acceptance of the portraits of his wife and daughter, as a return for his kind hospitality.

Julia laughed when she perceived his mistake; but her father made no effort to explain matters. He took the drawing, thanked the artist, saying that the likenesses were extremely good, and he should value it excessively. The next time I went into his room with Julia, I saw it hanging on the wall, opposite to his accustomed seat, mounted in a costly frame with a wide margin. Underneath the sketch was written, in his own hand, "*Madre e Figliuola.*"

In spite of our unremitting care, Julia, as she grew up, did not become stronger. Her fair complexion was so exquisitely flushed with the rosy hue of health, as we persisted in calling it, that we disguised to ourselves the fact that those pearly tints and warm, fitful blushes were the harbingers of deadly disease. I scarcely recollect what position I held in the establishment during our long attendance upon her; I only know that it was one of great responsibility, and that when it ended—when, after wandering from land to land, we laid her at last to rest under the myrtle and orange-groves of Seville—it seemed to me that I was indeed, by the sacred chain of suffering, her mother!

My deep, childish respect for her father, still abided with me, but a tenderer feeling mingled with it as we sorrowed over her grave together. It was on my arm that he, the strong, haughty, powerful man leaned when we visited the spot, and saw the moonlight gleaming on the marble slab which contained the record of her short life and of our never-ending sorrow. I felt that his form trembled—the words he tried to speak died upon his lips unuttered; perhaps, if he had spoken in that softened hour, the color of our destiny might have been altogether different.

Very little communication had passed between me and my parents during these years of foreign travel. Now that my task was ended, I began to contemplate my return to them. Must I confess that the idea filled me with unmitigated dread?

I put aside the thought, and tried to regard my graver companion as a parent, but it was less easy to do so than formerly. As his deep

grief wore slowly away, that proud, haughty nature unbent, and we became for the first time friends. I had no other companion now, and we read together books of Italian poetry, the language of which was more familiar to me than my native tongue. Our servants regarded us as near relatives. No curiosity was excited, as would have been the case in England, by our residing under the same roof. For some time, all went on smoothly.

One morning, when I was drawing in the shady court or garden at the back of the house, into which the apartments opened which had been appropriated to Julia and myself, her father suddenly stood beside me. It was very seldom that he broke in upon my solitude—for we met usually with some ceremony. I did not understand the meaning of his disturbed glances, but something in his manner struck me as peculiar, and I began to put away my pencils and brushes. He was so much agitated that I thought he might wish to be left alone with the memory of his daughter.

"Stay, Lucy," he said, when he saw that I was about to leave him—"Lucia," he added, smiling. "How much better I like the Italian pronunciation of our cold English words and names. Do you not think that you might almost pass for a native of the sunny peninsula, after all the years you spent there?"

"Possibly," I answered with some surprise; "Italy seems more like a home to me than England. But I suppose," I said, hesitating, unwilling to lose the opportunity he had afforded—"that I ought—that I must think of returning to my parents."

His dark eyes flashed fire. "That was not my meaning, Lucia. When we left home, your father and mother gave you to me. Your own wishes ratified the bond. Have I ever given you cause to wish it cancelled?"

"No," I said trembling, almost weeping. "I have been only too happy. I am afraid I am very unfit to live at home. But I must try to accustom myself to the position of an English farmer's daughter."

"That is absolutely and entirely out of the question," he said; "besides, I cannot part with you. Have you forgotten that angel's last words?"

I was dreadfully agitated. Julia with her dying breath had conjured me never to leave her father. I scarcely remembered what I had said. I did not know that he had heard

what passed between us. I could not answer him.

"Lucia," he said, coming near to me, "you promised my dying child that you would never forsake me. At that moment, I scarcely thought what it was you were saying. I ought to have prevented your making a vow which circumstances have rendered so solemn; but I candidly confess that all my thoughts were wrapped up in my darling. It is different with me now. I do not love her less—neither of us can do that—but I love you more than all the world beside. Do you really wish to leave me?"

Closer and closer he drew me towards him as he spoke. I laid my head on his shoulder, and wept as if my heart would break.

It was the first caress he had given me. Even as a child his manner to me had been always kind, but cold; and as a woman, he had always treated me with marked respect. Now I felt the wild throb of his heart beating against my own, the trembling of the hands that yet held me so firmly.

At last he released me. "Listen to me, Lucia," he said; "I have a plan to propose. You are too old to live with me as you have hitherto done like a daughter; but we cannot part—you know what my position was in England. Some years hence I may return to that country, but not at present. Our travels are not ended. I mean to take you to see every thing that is most remarkable in climes yet nearer to the sun than this romantic land. India, Persia, the isles of the Pacific, where the coral and madrepore glow under the waters like the flowers of earth—you shall see them all; but you must first become my wife."

He paused. I knew not what to answer. "I am not worthy," I said at last, as my old habits of respect and deference came back. "You have forgotten the difference there is between us in station."

"No," he said; "I remember it well. You must give up all for me, Lucia—father, mother, and all associates of your former life. You must relinquish the whole world for me. Can you do this?"

The half-smile with which he spoke reassured me. He went on speaking rapidly.

"Circumstances have occurred which suggested to me the plan I propose. There has been a mistake. Your name has been inserted in the public papers as the companion

of my daughter not only in life, but in the grave. Your parents believe you to have perished. Their grief has no doubt been deep, but they have other children—time has alleviated their sorrow. I, Lucia, have no one but you."

He put into my hand a short letter from my uncle, a person entirely a stranger to me, inquiring into the circumstances of my supposed death, which was reported to have taken place at Seville, the result of a fever which had been raging there virulently. The writing was that of an entirely illiterate commonplace person, and the expression of feeling was trivial, and by no means calculated to impress me as, no doubt, the merest sentence in the handwriting of one of my own parents would have done. I gave it back in silence.

"You see they have already reconciled themselves to their loss. For me, it would be a life-long sorrow. Lucia, you must not leave me. If we ever return to England, no one will know you. Should we ever revisit Fairholme, my foreign wife would never be recognized as the little uneducated country-girl I took away with me. You cannot be again what you were then. Let the past be obliterated forever."

I cannot recall the arguments by which he won me over to his wishes. After all, his task was not so difficult as might be supposed, for I was in the habit of obeying him implicitly, and I had no friends to consult. It would have been impossible for me to remain with him longer except as his wife; and when he bent his whole soul to the effort of winning my affections, I could not oppose that irresistible will.

I daresay there were rejoicings in the place where I was born when the news arrived that the squire had married again; but no one dreamed that the old couple living at the Home Farm had any connection with his newly chosen bride. No congratulations met us, no crowd waited at the door of the foreign chapel, into which we walked almost alone. Nevertheless, my husband's second marriage was a happy one.

I had not much time given me for reflection. Those who sojourn as we did, year after year in foreign lands, changing their abode whenever its novelties are exhausted, have not the same associations to revive old feelings, and re-awaken conscience as the dwellers in English homes, where church-

bells and village sights and sounds, repeated day by day and week after week, ring in our ears and pass before our eyes.

The cataracts and temples of the Nile, as we dreamily floated on its current, or stemmed the rapids, the gorgeous sunsets, the golden moonlights of the tropics, the tread of the camel, the languid motion of the palanquin, the caves of Ellora, the shifting sands of the desert—were familiar objects to me in the swiftly passing years, crowded with incident and adventure, during which we travelled together over Egypt and Syria, and finally rested from our wanderings among English people, hearing our own language with delight, in the Indian cities of palaces.

I do not think that I felt any misgivings respecting the step I had taken during several happy years after our marriage—not, indeed, until I began to perceive in my husband a yearning desire to return to England. Our children were suffering from the Indian climate. We must send or take our little boy and his sister to England. When I saw which way the inclination which had so long guided my own pointed, I did not interpose any obstacle to the fulfilment of my husband's wishes; but now that I was a mother, I began to tremble lest my own misconduct in deceiving and forsaking my parents should be visited upon me through my children.

I scarcely realized what the return to my birthplace would cost me until, after more than twenty years of absence, I saw the oaks of Fairholme crowning the hill down which lay the road to the old Hall. The western heavens were flushed with crimson, and the reflection of the sunset glowed on the long range of upper windows. Two of these belonged to the room which had been Julia's nursery. I almost fancied that I saw her little childish face at the window looking out for me, as she had done a hundred times when I was on my way from the farm to the great house to play with her.

My hand was firmly clasped in my husband's. There was no one with us in the carriage. Our two children were with their ayahs in the old-fashioned family coach which had been sent to meet us at the town near our home. Our arrival had been only announced that morning; nevertheless, the whole village was astir to receive us. My husband returned the cordial welcoming of his humble neighbors with courtesy. His manners were cer-

tainly much softened. As for me, I shrank back, ashamed of being seen; unconvinced, as the old home feelings rushed, for the first time for many years, upon me, how impossible it was that even my own parents should recognize me.

The climax of my suffering came when the carriage swept round the corner, and the last house in the long, straggling village, the thatched roof and casement windows, the little garden, gay with summer flowers, with the path to the door through its centre, lay before me. I scarcely breathed till I had passed it; but my parents were old now. No one came out from that house to gaze at us.

The foreign lady, as my own people called me, was forgiven for not returning their greetings. When we stopped at our own door, and I forgot myself for a moment in my anxiety about the children's arrival, raising my veil for the first time that afternoon to look out for them, a loud hurrah rent the air. My husband drew my arm within his own, and stood calmly and collectedly on the steps under the portico, thanking the tenantry for their kind reception, and inviting them to regale themselves in the park, where tables were ordered to be laid out immediately. We heard them shouting, and drinking our healths and that of the children, after we had gone indoors, and while the nurses were preparing to lay my tired little ones in the beds where Julia and I had often slept side by side, when any fancy of hers, or inclement weather detained me at the great house.

I could not close my eyes when I lay down that night. A thousand times I wished myself a child again, sleeping within the little chintz-patterned bed-curtains at the farm. How I longed to run up the hill, and throw my arms around my mother's neck, and to hear the homely jests, which sometimes used to make me angry when my father spoke, after the soft language of the inmates of the Hall! Ah, I would have given the world to climb upon his knee, and hear him call me his own dear little Lucy, and bid me not to be set up with the presents and compliments which I was but too fond of boasting about when I returned from the Hall.

I saw my parents for the first time in church. Their pew was not far from us. The silver-haired yeoman stood aside to let me pass. I bent my head reverentially. How little did he think that he had made way for his own daughter!

ter! I remembered the corner where I used to sit in their large square seat, the pattern of diamonds on the carpet, that I used to count, my mother's black silk dress—it could not be the same, but the make was scarcely altered. She had not used spectacles formerly; but how my eyes grew dim as I watched her wiping my father's glasses and her own, and finding the places in the large old Bible and Prayer-book, which had been laid on the high desk, formed by the top of the pew, Sunday after Sunday, for more years than I could remember.

The magnitude of the fault I had committed came vividly before me as I looked at that dear old couple. My husband watched me anxiously. I do not know what were his feelings, but I believe them to have been that, if it were to be done again, he would not have brought his wife to Fairholme.

Though none of the domestics who had gone abroad with their master returned with us to England, very little change had taken place in the establishment maintained at home, beyond the inevitable alteration produced by our long absence. Time had laid a gentle hand on the still comely housekeeper. She seemed to me so like the image which I had retained of her in my mind ever since she used to feed Julia and me with sweet-cakes in her pleasant room, that I trembled lest she should recognize me; but in the pale, slender woman of three-and-thirty, with a skin darkened by the hot sunshine of warmer skies than hung over the Fairholme oaks, there was little to remind her of the rosy, fair-haired, English child who had been her young mistress' playfellow.

My silence was construed into ignorance of my native language. I had unconsciously, during our long residence abroad, acquired a foreign idiom; and the intelligence that their new lady was an Italian, had been carefully instilled into the minds of all.

My evident emotion had gained for me their favor. The few words I uttered hesitatingly, could scarcely be otherwise than gracious, when among those present there was not one who had not, on many occasions, shown me kindness. There was Hillary, the old gardener, who used to let me steal his flowers, and would load me with fruit to set out our desserts: there was Prior, the coachman; how often he had carried me in, in wet weather, through the mud to spend the after-

noon with Julia in the long gallery where we played battledoor and shuttlecock, when, in the short, cold winter days, she was not permitted to leave the house.

Our children did not gain strength as rapidly as we expected. As for me, I never left the house, except to walk in the flower-garden at the back, where, in former days, I used to draw Julia up and down in the little carriage. The smoke rising from the chimneys of the farm on the hill seemed a constant reproach to me, but I dared not disobey my husband. I was more cut off from my parents now than I had felt when the sea first flowed between us.

The master was just the same as ever, the villagers said. If there was any change in his appearance, it was for the better. He certainly looked happier than formerly, when we first came home, but gradually his cheerfulness forsook him. Our boy, the darling of our vain hearts, inherited Julia's delicacy of constitution. Day after day, we saw him wasting away before our eyes. Even my anxiety to ask forgiveness of my parents was forgotten. Night after night, hour by hour, I watched over him, but his days were numbered. When the spring-flowers came out, in the season when the sun shone warmly, and the winds were cutting, we lost him. Then my little fairy girl began to fade away. She pined after her brother, wanting me to fetch him back to play with her. I believe that my anxiety about her kept me from feeling my first great loss as I should have done. I seemed to lose my boy over again, when, in the summer heat, she was laid low. There is nothing but the grave under the yew-trees in Fairholme churchyard left to me of my two eldest darlings—my little dark-haired Indian children.

We went away again for more than two years, travelling over different parts of England. When I returned to Fairholme, I was expecting soon to become once more a mother. How well I remembered the silencing of the church-bells, the disappointment of the villagers when Julia was born. Was the same scene to be acted over again? Was it fated that there should be no heir to Fairholme?

I felt in my heart that I deserved no better fortune as I lay back in the carriage faint and desponding; I could not even return the fond pressure of my husband's hand when the Fairholme oaks came once again in sight.

"Send for her," I said faintly. "I will not betray your secret; but let me have my own mother to tend me in my trial-hour. I am so changed, she will never recognize me."

My husband did not oppose my wishes; and, a week afterwards, I was in my chamber at the hall, conscious of nothing but that my own parent was watching over me. She remembered that the squire's first wife had praised her skill as a tender of the sick, and imagined this to be the cause of the urgent request that she would come to the foreign lady. When my babe was born, my mother's arms received the young heir of Fairholme. This time, the church-bells rang their merriest peal, and, as I lay in my bed, I could see the red glow of the bonfires on the hill-top, under the broad canopy of the Fairholme oaks, and against the gray evening sky.

When my husband looked down fondly upon me, when I raised the coverlet from the brow of his little son, I do not think there was any thing in the world he would have refused me.

As he stooped to kiss me, I drew his haughty head down, near, and yet nearer to me.

"Shall we risk losing him too, Augustus? Must pride always come between us and our darlings and Heaven's favor? Am I not your wife? What matters it how lowly I was born? You have raised me to your own station. Let my own mother's blessing and forgiveness hallow the birthday of our son. We shall never keep him with us if we do not humble ourselves before God."

A passionate flush did cross my husband's brow; but it soon passed away. I have never

seen a shadow of anger on it since; and our boy is a noble little fellow, full of health and strength, the very pride and joy of our hearts. Is it because when we thanked our Maker for giving him to us, we acknowledged our errors, and craved forgiveness, making such restitution as lay in our power for the sorrow our deception had caused in those honest hearts?

I am not ashamed to face the light of day now. I no longer seek to conceal my features, and feel my voice shake if I trust myself to speak within sight and hearing of my kindred. My family have never presumed on the discovery that their long-lost darling is the lady of the manor; nor has my husband ever had reason to regret that he yielded to my wish, and himself placed our baby in my own mother's arms, entreating her to ease my heart by her blessing and forgiveness.

We have several children, now and the Hall is very far from heirless. Their glad voices sound under the ancient oaks on the braes and in the hollows, and wake the echoes in the old garden at the farm where I used to play in my childhood. There is a glad light in my mother's eyes, which I missed when I first came back from my wanderings. My father's step is firmer; and though they visit us less often than we could wish, there is always a place and a welcome for my parents at the old Hall of Fairholme, where their descendants are growing to more vigorous manhood, perhaps from the infusion into their somewhat sluggish veins, of the stalwart strength and sturdy honesty of the British yeoman.

THE BEES IN THE CAVERNS OF SALSETTE—THEIR INCONVENIENCE.—The bees are sometimes very troublesome and dangerous, and often annoyed us in our visits to the caves at Salsette and the Elephanta; where they make their combs in the clefts, and the rocks, and in the recesses among the figures, and hang in immense clusters: I have known a whole party put to the rout in the caverns of Salsette, and obliged to return with their curiosity unsatisfied, from having imprudently fired a gun to disperse the bees, who in their rage pursued them to the bottom of the mountains.

THE HINDOO PRINCES AND THEIR SECRET CHAMBER.—Many Indian Princes, Hindoos and Mahomedans, as also the wealthy nobles, have a favorite upper chamber, with walls and ceiling covered with mirrors of every size and shape: in the centre is a sofa or a swinging bed, suspended from the roof, adorned with wreaths of mogreës, and cooled with rose water. Here the voluptuous Indian retires to smoke his hookah, or waste his time with a favorite from the haram. This apartment is sometimes decorated with obscene paintings in a wretched style, suited to their depraved appetites.

From The Saturday Review, 2 July.
THE LIBERATOR OF ITALY.

It has often been said that the real trials of an agitator begin with his success. Take either a demagogue or a political philosopher at his word, and you make a fool of him when you set him to work out his closet problems or his platform professions. Messrs. Cobbett and Hunt were a long time clamoring for seats in Parliament, and we are old enough to remember what came of it. The Emperor Napoleon III. has now, to all appearance, very nearly attained the perilous height of success, and the consequences are coming upon him. He has thought proper to play the part of Liberator and Apostle of liberty, and fortune seems thus far to be taking the saviour and regenerator of Italy at his word. If the last Austrian patrol should ever step out of enfranchised Lombardy, his greatest embarrassments will then begin. It is utterly impossible that, were the whole board cleared next week, the Emperor could, even if he were disposed, settle North Italy under a constitutional *régime*—impossible, because his is not the hand from which freedom could be bestowed, nor will he be altogether master of his own policy. Suppose that he were, for his own interests, to act the Imperial Washington—to leave the peninsula to itself—to retire gracefully when he had executed what he pretends to call a Divine Commission, and to march his laurelled army back through the Via Sacra of liberated Italy—where would be his first difficulty? Obviously with his own troops. A conquering army is not to be disbanded, after such an exploit as that of clearing the whole Austrian force out of Italy, like the London militia after a field day at Wormwood Scrubbs. It is not in any conquering army, still less in a French conquering army, to sheathe the sword in a melodrama of magnanimity. Having tasted blood, the Cuban bloodhound does not slink back quietly to his kennel. One Marshal's baton begets the insatiable lust for glory in every man of the mighty host of France. The eagle which has perched on Milan, or which has screamed in triumph over St. Mark's, is not likely to flit back to the Jardin des Plantes. The army of Italy must make a swoop at other prey, if not under Napoleon, under some other soldier of fortune.

Nor is it with the army alone that Napoleon the Conqueror would have to deal. He would have to give in Paris an account of his policy towards regenerated Italy. Suppose that a federation of Italian States were to be constituted, and that the liberating legions then dispersed themselves over France—suppose that a constitution for the peninsula were fairly launched—under what auspices would the

freedom of Italy present itself to the French people? Nothing less substantial than a constitutional and representative government, if not a pure republic, will satisfy the long-thwarted yearnings of Italian patriotism. A constitutional government implies some awkward things—freedom of the press, liberty of speech and action, entire religious equality, ministers responsible to the people, local government in municipal matters, trial by jury, free Chambers, and the rest of it. This would be the Napoleonic policy towards Italy, if the Liberator were to keep his word. The world would then see the phenomenon of the Imperial fountain discharging sweet water and bitter—Tiberius on one side of the Alps, Trajan on the other—giving to Italy what he withholds from France, inaugurating at Milan what he proscribes in Paris. What a bitter satire and insult this to the French people! Why should not they be deemed worthy of the crumbs which fall from the rich banquet of Italian profusion? Would the spectacle of an Italian Tree of Liberty, planted and watered by Imperial hands, be consoling to the better mind of France? Of course it would be the height of generosity in any nation to bestow on others blessings which they austere deny to themselves; but a living inconsistency and an enthroned lie of this sort would be unendurable, even in France. Napoleon III. cannot be the liberator of Italy and the enslaver of France at one and the same time. History has never yet realized a paradox and portent so monstrous—all experience tells the other way.

The first Napoleon was the Liberator of Italy, and he planted Murat at Naples, and set up a centralized tyranny wherever the legions of freedom marched. Rome sent out her liberating armies, and fixed grinding pro-consulates in Asia and Sicily. Ferdinand broke the Moorish yoke, but the Inquisition was the seal of Spanish freedom. Liberty has yet to be planted by a despot. The man who inaugurated Lambessa and Cayenne is hardly the good genius who is to redress the wrongs of Spielberg. In other words, if the Emperor is sincere in his purpose of liberating Italy, its accomplishment will be fatal to his despotism in France—if he only exchanges one form of Italian slavery for another, then are the Italians of all men the most miserable. The fact is, the Emperor has been compelled by destiny to create his own Frankenstein, and he is now in danger of having to deal with his own inconvenient success. He muzzles the hound and slips the leash at the same moment. He banishes Blanc and Barbes; but he has accredited Kossuth and Klapka and Garibaldi, and the spirit which they represent. These are not the lieutenants of Imperialism—they are rather the

missionaries of those very principles which, with an iron hand, he has to keep down in France. Every success of these incendiaries in Hungary and Piedmont must, sooner or later, react somehow in France. Whatever way we put it, the dangers of the future are about equal. Liberated Italy has its dangers—enslaved Italy has its dangers. An army flushed with conquest has its dangers—an army disbanded after a successful campaign has its dangers. To advance, to retire, or to stand still—it is but the choice of judgments offered to David. On the whole, perhaps, the compromise of a nominal Italian federation under a Sardinian protectorate, with the real power at the Tuileries, might appear to be the Emperor's safest solution of the difficulty—only it would not be found attainable. The moral prestige of conquest would be lost—it would be scarcely satisfactory to French ambition to register a mere diplomatic triumph of this unsubstantial sort. The French people can only understand material victories. French history, whether under Louis XIV. or Napoleon I., presents no instance of a great army, which had been assembled for a large scheme of ambition, broken up after a single successful campaign. The more complete are its triumphs, the more strong and irrepressible is the impetus to advance.

Not that we believe for a single moment that the French Emperor ever seriously intended the liberation of Italy, in any sense of the words in which the term freedom would not be an insulting mockery. We have only argued on the wild and impossible hypothesis of his sincerity and honesty. We say that, if honest and sincere, he is only on the threshold of his difficulties—not that we believe him to be either honest or sincere. The tyrant of Paris will not be the liberator of Milan or Venice. False and perfidious to his own people, it cannot be that he will be other than false and perfidious to the stranger. We have shown that he cannot liberate Italy even if he had the will; but we are not ready to concede that he has the will. His policy is consistent enough, and it is a policy which unfortunately exactly falls in with the French character. His destiny is to do the work in which his uncle failed; and his actual successes—so mysteriously, or at least so ominously, identical with those of the First Emperor—might well carry off his feet even one who is not enslaved to the doctrines of fatalism and special inspiration. But precedent and policy, as well as the star, drive him forward. Those successes force him into the same future. The iron fate is upon him and his. The humiliation of Austria implies the coercion of Prussia. Another Campo Formio pledges another Tilsit. A Russian alliance was only the omen of a Russian invasion.

One Alexander may be found as false, and quite as convenient, both as deceiver and deceived, as his predecessor and namesake; and if only a second Borodino can be averted, another "Continental system" may leave the board open to the crowning day of destiny—the Worcester day of France—which shall avenge Waterloo. This is the vanishing point to which the long perspective of French policy leads. Short of this, nothing is done. And at any rate, the first act in the drama seems to be nearly played out, not without skill as well as luck. The stars fight in their courses for the Man of Destiny. It is something for us that the play has been fully rehearsed. Actors, scenery, situation, plot, and prologue—all are before us, and who can doubt about the action and the catastrophe?

From The Saturday Review, 9 July.

THE ARMISTICE.

Of all the many surprising events of the present year the armistice is the most unexpected. Whether it proceeds from the pressure of England or from the overtures of Prussia, the announcement is mysterious, and, it may be added, unwelcome. It is one of the unfortunate results of a lawless war that even the suspension of bloodshed involves new grounds for confusion and for alarm. The termination of a victorious campaign, before France has seriously felt the burden of the war, suggests the certainty of new encroachments on the independence of Europe. The interruption of hostilities, like every other part of the recent transactions, takes place at the moment which is obviously most favorable to the aggressor. Uniformly successful in the field, Napoleon III. was about to enter on the most difficult and uncertain operation of the war. It was universally felt that the campaign had reached its most serious crisis, and that the success of the invading army was but provisional and uncertain until Verona and Mantua were reduced. The reinforcement under Prince Napoleon was somewhat more than sufficient to make good the losses on the bloody day of Solferino, and although it is impossible to obtain correct information, the French and Piedmontese most probably by this time outnumber the Austrians in Italy. The question whether their preponderance was sufficient for the purpose of three or four great sieges could only have been solved by experience. It is necessary that in every instance the beleaguering force should be stronger than the garrison, while the main army is at the same time ready to protect the siege against relief from without. Experience seems to show that no fortress is really impregnable, and that the most elaborate works only represent the necessity of a cer-

tain expenditure by the besiegers in men and material. When, as in the present instance, the defenders are in communication with a great army in the field, the advantage of strong positions is brought to its highest point. By pausing on the eve of the decisive struggle the French Emperor will avoid a great risk, and, at the same time, he will reap many of the advantages which would have attended a complete victory. Austria will be universally held to have acknowledged a defeat, and the credit of moderation will perhaps be added to the splendor which attends the display of irresistible or invincible strength. Any difficulties which may have affected the prosecution of the war will be kept secret or soon forgotten; and if its ostensible object is imperfectly achieved, the partial settlement of the question in dispute will leave convenient opportunities for future interference. The urgency of neutral Powers will serve as an excuse for escaping from embarrassing questions as to the interpretation of Italian independence and unity. It is even possible that the complications which have arisen with respect to the Holy See may have brought on a premature termination of the conflict with Austria. The Pope, while he preserves a significant silence towards France, has lately denounced Sardinia with all the pious indignation in his copious vocabulary; and it has been plainly intimated that the allied Sovereigns will find in the successor of St. Peter an adversary as disagreeable as prayers and patience can make him.

The armistice may possibly be intended, on one side or on both, as a mere preparation for further military operations. The Emperor of the French may possibly wish to bring up his reinforcements, or to give Russia time to take the field, and the Austrians may hope that any attempt at negotiation will end in a declaration of war by the German Confederation. In 1813, the campaign of Leipsic was preceded by an armistice of considerable duration, and although the Austrian armies were during the whole interval rapidly concentrating in Bohemia, it is still uncertain whether Napoleon might, even at the last moment, have formed an alliance with Metternich. In the present instance, the Emperor of the French has probably made up his mind on the ultimate decision of peace or of war. If he really intends to make terms with Austria, it becomes important to consider the arrangements which will probably be proposed by the neutral Powers, and more especially urged by Prussia. It is evident that the smallest sacrifice which can be made by Austria will be the final cession of Lombardy. The proposals which were lately attributed to the Court of Berlin will be, to a great ex-

tent, answered by a reference to the visible fortune of the war, for it is impossible to pretend that a costly and successful campaign should be terminated without any material result. If the German Federation had determined to maintain Austrian sovereignty in Lombardy, the proper time for interference would have been at the commencement of the war. Neutrality involves the admission that the appeal to arms, if not morally justifiable, violates no rights except those of the principals in the dispute. On the other hand, it is clear that the fortresses in the North-east will, if peace is to be made without a further struggle, remain either as an integral part of the Empire, or, under an Austrian Archduke, a part of the military possessions of the Empire. It is difficult to suppose that such an arrangement can be permanent, when its very existence has, under the new code of international law, been accepted as the justification of an unprovoked invasion. The fate of Tuscany, of Modena, and of Parma, will furnish abundant employment for diplomatic skill; but it may be hoped that the neutral Powers will not be unnecessarily solicitous to restore the fugitive Princes who have been, as the Pope observes, expelled to make room for the bitterest enemies of the Church.

The solicitude of established Governments to prevent the aggrandizement of Sardinia is at the same time perfectly intelligible and extremely shortsighted. Count Cavour's policy, to have had any reasonable purpose, must, as far as Northern Italy is concerned, have been in a certain sense revolutionary. It was utterly absurd to attempt the expulsion of Austria from the Peninsula without providing an alternative; and it was necessary to create a Power capable of defending the new arrangements which might be made. Any attempt to split up the evacuated territory into duchies and vicerealties can only result in the multiplication of French dependencies. With ten millions of subjects, Victor Emmanuel would have a difficulty in resisting the encroachment of his formidable protector; and if his kingdom were to retain its former limits his gallant little army would permanently become a French contingent. It is also utterly unjust to treat the sympathy of an Italian for his countrymen as an outrage against the moral principles which are at the bottom of the law of nations. The Sardinian cause may be easily distinguished from the pretensions of French ambition, nor is it by any means certain that the defeat of Count Cavour's schemes would be unacceptable to Napoleon III.

The tidings of the armistice render doubly unintelligible the irritating language of Count Walewski's recent circular. The French

Minister is well aware that the Russian manifesto which he praises and adopts was in the highest degree offensive to all the German Governments. As it is probably true that the English Government has placed a strong pressure upon Prussia, it would seem that Napoleon III. might have profited by an intervention in his own favor without taking occasion to insult and menace the States of the Confederation. Some of the recent armaments have been actually occasioned by Prince Gortschakoff's supercilious threats; and when all the Federal troops are on a war footing, demonstrations that they can only be used for defensive purposes will become doubly unprofitable. It is absurd to say that the equilibrium of Europe is not menaced by the ostentatious combination of two great military monarchies against Austria. As Count Walewski observes, "the Circular of the Russian Government indicates in a manner sufficiently plain the manner in which it will not fail to act when the proper time arrives." It is to provide against the future action so unmistakably indicated, that Germany has been with difficulty restrained from a declaration of war. With so much vigor in action, France might well be contented to display a conciliatory moderation in language, and even to remain on the defensive in diplomatic controversy.

Even if a peace can be patched up, it will be but an armed truce. The engagements between France and Russia will still subsist, the jealousy of Germany will continue in full activity, nor can England safely intermit the progress of her naval armaments. The fate of Italy will still remain uncertain, notwithstanding any legal settlement which may be effected; for the independence which has not been decisively conquered can never be regarded as secure. There is always a large element of ambiguity in treaties unless they record the actual balance of forces; but, in some instances, a certain amount of reliance may be placed on the formal obligations undertaken by Governments. At present, the most enthusiastic admirers of Napoleon III. must admit that, however noble and just may be his aspirations, his promises are absolutely nugatory. A new declaration that the Empire is Peace would be at the utmost only understood to mean that two or three years were required to recruit the finances, to fill up the gaps in the army, and to replace the contents of the arsenals. On the day after a general peace, no State in Europe could know whether it might not be involved in a quarrel as groundless as that which was premeditated against Austria from the Conferences of Paris, or perhaps from the capture of Sebastopol. Heroic, sentimental, generous, and popular, Fra Diavolo is still a brigand. Philanthropy and Liberalism, while applauding his achieve-

ments in consideration of their immediate object, nevertheless scarcely affect to deny that they would sleep sounder under the protection of the police.

From The Spectator, 9 July.

ACTUAL POSITION OF AUSTRIA.

THE announcement of the Armistice comes upon us as something sudden; though, if we reflect for a moment, we shall perceive that any first step towards bringing the hostilities to a close must always have seemed sudden effect from the instantaneous perception of the important changes involved, and recent events have really led up to this pause in a manner sufficiently intelligible.

It is most probable that the change of the Emperor Francis Joseph's intention in not going to Vienna, is explained by anticipation of the kind. When his position had become desperate, he was prepared to leave his headquarters in Italy for the centre of his domain, in order that he might attend to the larger interests which appeared to be in danger, and call up more powerful recruits in support of his Empire. When matters grew worse than desperate, he made up his mind to stop at his Italian headquarters, and to take a shorter course—to accept a suspension of hostilities.

Down to the very latest the progress of the Allies had been quite as decided, as rapid in its movement, and as tremendous in its onward pressure, as it had throughout the march marked by the great milestones of Montebello, Palestro, Magenta, and Solferino. For although the *Imperial Gazette* has not yet announced the impending achievements at Peschiera, Mantua, and perchance Verona, or even Venice, the advance towards those posts had been more considerable than the mere traversing of the country. Witness the transmission of vast stores of projectiles for siege purposes from Paris; witness the landing of ten thousand French on the island of Lissini high up the Adriatic; witness the care of the Austrians in strengthening their guard on the Stelvio Pass. Already we had the elements of the Allied orbit, and could almost trace it out on the map, indicating the next move in the great game of war.

The steady progress made by the Austrians in loss had become conspicuous to the whole world; even their Prussian allies had shown their estimate of it, from the Crown to the canteen. A quick-eyed writer mentions the dispute between the Prussians and Austrians in joint occupation of the federal garrison at Mayence, when "the Whites reproached the Blues with deserting the German cause, and the Blues taunted the Whites with being licked by the Red trousers." Lookers-on, indeed, can perhaps see even more clearly

than Francis Joseph the immediate sequel of the game—"Red moves to King's square, and White is beaten in three moves."

Already diplomatic communications had been flying between all the Powers, and Prussia had in a certain way intimated, her renovated desire to act with England and Russia. Some late proceedings of Russia have shown at once that she was even more prepared than ever to take an active part in the war if necessary, but also more strict in observing neutrality, and awaiting the movements of England and Prussia. We noticed last week the instructive punctuality with which Naples paid her diplomatic devoirs to Sardinia. There is a public opinion in Europe, and even the Powers are obliged at times to become its agents.

Unless Austria should once more mistake her true position, this suspension of hostilities may re-open the opportunity for her adopting that advice which Lord Palmerston so well urged upon her—"Go into Congress."

Of course we do not mean that Austria, in July, would occupy the same position in Congress that she did in April. She cannot cancel what she has since drawn upon herself, or ask us to forget events. She slighted and braved the counsel and authority of the Powers, when she adopted her separate course, and made that wanton aggression on Sardinia which has been so smartly chastised; and on appearing before the Powers now, she has already lost some of that property which at that time she might then have asked to retain.

What then is likely to be the general character of the proceedings adopted by Congress in the present circumstances, as distinguished from the possible decision of Congress at an earlier date? D'Azeglio's Note, which was laid by Cavour before the Conference of Paris in 1856, remains the basis of the proposition to be considered. It proposed that the Western Powers should support the Sardinian Government in urging practical amelioration on the Italian Governments; that the Legations should be secularized and that the Government of Rome should be improved,—the Pope retaining his residence in that city, his dignity and his spiritual authority unabated. As respects Rome and Naples there is of course no change. It is a question for a future Congress to consider how far the Grand Duke of Tuscany has abandoned his own position by running away. The noble conduct of the Duchess of Parma can never be overlooked. Modena is after all but the "Tiberio in duodecimo." But in Northern Italy, there has, through the wanton act of Austria, happened a serious difference. Whereas before late events, Sardinia expressly disclaimed any forcible interference with Austria in Italy, now

Austria has *de facto* lost Lombardy, and she accepts the forbearance of France and Sardinia just as they were about to take from her the Venetian territory, her quadrilateral position, and that hitherto unabated strength upon which she relied to keep Hungary and certain other provinces. Austria, therefore, enters Congress a vanquished Power, who has, by the manner of conducting her case, forfeited no small portion of the "chose in action."

From The Economist, 9 July.

THE ARMISTICE: WHAT IT MEANS.

WHILE waiting for tidings of a final and decisive battle in the centre of the celebrated quadrilateral of fortresses which has always been considered as the stronghold of Austrian Italy, the world has been startled by the announcement of an armistice between the two belligerents, and is still in considerable perplexity as to what this armistice may mean. Of course, all conjectures on the matter must be purely speculative, for even the *Moniteur's* comment only hints that some sort of negotiation is expected; but it seems to us that it may mean, as it certainly suggests, something of the greatest moment.

It may simply mean that both parties, exhausted by recent losses and exertions, concur in wishing for a breathing space before entering on the final conflict; and that each combatant fancies that he, rather than his antagonist, will be the gainer by the pause. The French Emperor is far from the basis of his operations, and was obliged to begin the war a few weeks before his preparations were completed:—he may not be sorry for an opportunity of bringing up his reserves. The Austrian Emperor may also have been so crippled by the fiercely contested field of Magenta and Solferino, that, even under the protection of his great fortresses, he feels scarcely yet ready without further reinforcements for a battle which, if disastrous to him, must settle forever the fate of his Italian possessions. But we do not think that this is the probable meaning of the armistice.

It may also mean that Louis Napoleon, fancying that he has accomplished his purpose of making the further sojourn of Austria in Italy impossible, and feeling that this end has been attained at a fearful cost of blood and treasure, may be anxious to display himself to Europe in the rare and grand attitude of a great Conqueror, pausing in the mid career of victory. It may be that, having already gained the reputation of extraordinary military success, he is now desirous to obtain credit for still more extraordinary moderation. It may well be also that he is influenced by the not unnatural and very wise

indisposition to risk the laurels already won by a further trial which might not terminate so gloriously for his arms. He has made about the most rapid and prosperous campaign on record; he has had a taste of the stubborn character of the troops he has to contend with; and history, in which he is so well read, is there to remind him that Austria is more obstinate than prompt, and, like England, usually fights better each succeeding year of a prolonged war. Moreover, he unquestionably sees difficulties, which he may have overlooked or underestimated before, thickening round him amidst, and even in consequence of, his victories. If the war were to continue, the population of Romagna, and probably that of Naples and Sicily likewise, would be up in arms, and he would find himself in the dilemma of either discountenancing, and perhaps actually repressing their movements—i.e., of fighting against his own allies and *protégés*,—or of permitting the dethronement of the Pope, and thus drawing upon himself the violent antagonism of the ultramontane clergy of France. He may, therefore, be willing enough, on every ground, to rest content for the present with the expulsion of the Austrians, leaving the other difficulties of the "Italian Question" to be settled by after consideration, and with other European aid. Further, too, he sees a rock immediately ahead. If Austria is again beaten and turns obstinate, he will be placed in the dilemma of either suffering his foe to escape him, leaving him on the field with his work only half done, or, if he pursues her beyond the Alps, to complete his victory and force her into terms, of finding himself face to face with the whole Germanic Confederation. If, therefore, he has any reason to believe that Austria is now willing on any terms to evacuate Italy for good, he may be sagacious as well as moderate in offering her an armistice with a view to a definitive peace.

On the other hand, it is by no means impossible, though we admit—in reference to the known persistence of Austrian policy—far from probable, that Francis Joseph, having suffered three great defeats in little more than three weeks, and having seen all his youthful and presumptuous hopes of victory and fame scattered to the winds, may in July take a very different estimate of his position from that which seemed in May not unreasonably sanguine. He may feel that another decisive defeat, on his own chosen ground, and in his own famous quadrilateral, would do more to ruin the prestige of Austrian arms than even a peace which should deprive him of a province which has always been rather a source of weakness and impoverishment than of real wealth and power. He must be well aware that, *under no circumstances*, could his

Italian provinces ever have been retained otherwise than by the sword; and that after what has passed their permanent retention in any manner has become quite impossible; and that if he can terminate a disastrous war by simply, and with the best grace he may, resigning what it was both impossible and undesirable—because exhausting—to keep, he may consider himself to have come off cheap. He sees that the next steps of the war will be the revolt and severance of Hungary—a loss of tenfold greater magnitude than that of Lombardy and Venice; and he may well desire at any price to avert so dreaded a catastrophe. Finally, he may perhaps have been informed that England looks upon the Austrian possession of Italy to be so untenable in fact, to have been so iniquitous and oppressive in its history, and to be so permanently disturbing to the peace of Europe, that she has told Prussia that any intervention on her part in the Italian contest must be at her own risk, and will be cordially and avowedly discountenanced by us. If this argument, as is not unlikely, should prove to have been one of the most influential in inducing her to accept an armistice and to seek a peace, a great proportion of the credit of the new aspect which affairs will then take, will be due to the recent change of Government here, and to the clear and decisive language of our Foreign Secretary, as supposed to be set forth in the dispatch which was the subject of question and comment in the House of Commons last night. We can well believe that, with the knowledge that England cordially sympathizes with the cause of Italy, Prussia might well pause and Austria might well despair.

Supposing, then, that a peace may really be in prospect and in discussion, we wish most earnestly, and with the most grave meaning in what we say, to urge two things upon English statesmen and the English nation. The *first* is,—on no pretext, and for no object whatever, to make themselves a party to any negotiations for peace, which shall not have as their basis the *entire* withdrawal of Austria from the Italian territory. If one single foot of ground inhabited by Italians be left to her, *nothing will have been done*: the old eternal sore will still be open; and all the blood shed in this war will have been shed in vain. The *second* is,—that the early termination of the war is no ground whatever for any relaxation in our naval and military preparations for defence,—*but the contrary*. If peace comes—and if the terms be just and good, as we sincerely hope they may—we must not forget that it leaves vast armies still on foot, invigorated, hardened, and excited by a campaign in which all parties have fought well; that it leaves many European difficul-

ties still unsettled; and that it leaves Great Britain as it found her, in proportion to her wealth, to the extent of her dominions, to her pretensions and to her needs, immeasurably the least fully armed and the least formidable of the great Powers of Europe.

From The Press, 9 July.

THE ARMISTICE.

ENGLAND probably was never more completely astonished than when upon waking to a fresh day and newspapers yesterday morning she learnt that an Armistice had been agreed upon between the Belligerent Powers in Italy, an Armistice which, although, as the *Moniteur* qualifies it, "does not enable France for the present to foresee how the war may be terminated," at all events stays hostilities and leaves the field open to Diplomacy to negotiate undisturbed for the moment by the boom of cannon. With which side the proposition originated we have not yet been informed, but we are disposed to infer that France took the initiative in the matter. From whatever point of view we regard her position, and whatever may be the opinion which we may entertain of the actual policy and real designs of Napoleon,—whether with one party we place implicit and unreasoning faith in his manifestoes and declarations,—whether with another we view the situation with anxiety, mingled with distrust,—or whether with a third we believe him to be a sort of cosmopolitan Guy Fawkes bent upon undermining and blowing up everybody, it is equally and upon every imaginable ground evident that the proposition of an Armistice must strengthen his position, his military position, and his moral position alike. Has he become aware that Prussia, although not very sorry to see Austria moderately humiliated and reduced to a condition presenting capacities for manipulation, will nevertheless not stand by and see her drowned without putting her hand under her chin and keeping her above water? Now is precisely the juncture at which with a show of graceful magnanimity the Emperor of the French can best afford to offer to Austria a way, independently of Germanic aid, out of the struggle in which she has been so unsuccessful without disgrace or loss of honor. Are the armies of France more shattered than have been represented or supposed, and does the Emperor require time and opportunity to recruit them with new forces?—an

Armistice will give them to him. Or, finally, has he from the beginning of this terrible affair been sincere, simple-minded, and honest. Now is the very moment for sincerity and honesty to put themselves in action, and to stand between the fighting hosts of Austria and of the Allied Powers.

The next question that arises is a most vital one. Does the situation contain the elements of a Peace? The situation which it devolved upon the Government of Lord Derby to manage, unquestionably did not contain such elements. No one who has read fairly and completely the Italian Papers can doubt it. From the first moment Austria was immovably possessed with the idea that the negotiations of France and Sardinia were false, and their expressed desire for peace simulated with a view of gaining time. She was convinced, and possibly she was right, that nothing short of her expulsion from Lombardy would satisfy her opponents; she believed an appeal to the sword to be inevitable, and she drew it in a hurry, sacrificing a good political position for the sake of a bad military one. Things are now, however, materially different. Austria has discovered that her power of resistance is not what she conceived it to be, and that which she still retains, strong as is the position which defends it, stands at hazard. She perceives, too, that if she is to be rescued finally by Confederated Germany, her prestige in Germany will be gone, and the first place held for the future by her rival Prussia, increased in power and importance as well as by the alliance with England as by her own resources.

It is manifestly, then, in the present condition of affairs, to the interest and the policy of Napoleon to stop the contest at the point which it has now reached. The greatest difficulties, both political and military, are yet before him. Reverse would ruin him, and new successes irretrievably embarrass him, complicating in a high degree his relations, already sufficiently difficult, in other parts of Italy, no less than in Europe at large, strongly opposed to an extension of the war. Taking, therefore, all these circumstances into consideration, we have hopes that in the Armistice negotiations may be initiated which may lead to the conclusion of a peace, giving independence and regeneration to Italy, and according to Austria that which she now holds—the possession of Venice and the frontier line of the Adige.

UNIFORM MUSICAL PITCH.

THE preliminary meeting convened by the Society of Arts to consider the possibility of taking any measures on this side of the Channel, correspondent with or in adoption of those agreed on in France, for the establishment of a normal diapason, was held 3 June, with an attendance of some half hundred guests, by whom the different interests of music were fairly represented. Dr. Whewell was in the chair, and introduced the subject by a short address, calling attention to the elaborate French Reports and to the restrictive measure which had been based upon it. "The first question to be determined was, whether it was desirable that a uniform musical pitch should prevail; and, secondly, whether it was possible to establish such a uniform pitch in this country. The latter question came before them very naturally, inasmuch as the establishment of a uniform pitch was to be enforced by stringent legal means in France, a course which could not be imitated in this country. The French legislative provision upon the matter was that musical instruments not conforming to this regulation, were not to be admitted to any Exhibition of Industry. It amounted, in fact, to a prohibition of instruments which were not of the pitch determined upon; and the man who gave false measure in music, was to be dealt with in the same manner as a fraudulent purveyor of meat, or a dishonest vendor of cloth. Of course, it could not be expected that their musical friends in this country were to be subjected to penalties such as those, or that a uniform pitch could be enforced here by any such means. Therefore, they had to consider what means short of these could be used, and whether any influence beyond a general understanding amongst those engaged in music could be brought to bear." The discussion which followed was prefaced by a reading of letters from many musicians, unable to attend the meeting, the bearing of all of which tended to recommend the adoption of a uniform pitch. The question was then discussed as to the possibility of this being attained. The meeting was addressed by Dr. Wylde,—Mr. Hullah,—who, it appears, gave considerable attention to the subject some years ago (to the point of regulating a family of tuning-forks, by aid of M.

Cognard de la Tour's instrument called the *Sirène*),—Mr. Nicholson, the professor of the oboe,—who illustrated the inconveniences of the present uncertain state of the diapason,—Sir George Smart, Mr. Benedict, Mr. Ella. To this ensued a discussion, as to what the proposed uniformity (the desirableness of which was carried *nem. con.*) should be. Herr Otto Goldschmidt warmly recommended the adoption of the French normal *la*,—Mr. Tutton a semi-tone below the present pitch,—Madame Goldschmidt some letting down. "For her own part there was a considerable amount of music that she could not think of singing at the present pitch; and music which she sang with the greatest ease about twelve years ago, when the pitch was lower, she would not now attempt. If the raising of the pitch went on as it had hitherto done the human voice would lose its beauty and strength; and she did not consider it was proper to tax the voice to that extent." In her opinion the standard of the pitch ought to be regulated by the human voice."—Sir George Smart produced a tuning-fork, prepared by the Messrs. Broadwood for him some thirty years ago, with the concurrence of Mrs. Billington, Messrs. Braham and Griesbach.—The Rev. G. T. Duffield exhibited Handel's fork, considerably flatter than the present ones. The question then arose, as to the practicable reconciliation of orchestras and organs,—Mr. Davison recommending that if the latter instruments were altered it should be by transposing the pipes a full semitone. Mr. Hullah urged the adoption of a pitch of five hundred and twelve vibrations a second, in place of the French pitch of five hundred and twenty-two, as more convenient, on the score of numerical calculation. An attempt to propose the French pitch, as the one most expedient to adopt, was met by a recommendation that the subject should be more closely investigated, by a sub-committee, than was possible at a general meeting. The appointment of a sub-committee was unanimously carried, and the gentlemen nominated in its formation, from whom a report will be submitted to the Society. Such comments as suggest themselves on the discussion, decision, and the possible working out of the same had better, therefore, be reserved for a period when the subject is before the Society in a more complete form.

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